.ib.

Judith J. Harris

Faces of Shakes Life

Plays

Sources

Detailed Chron

Record of Shakes as Actor +

Shakes Ctr

Henry VI - Part I

[illegible]

4) Rustica

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4) Urbana

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IMOGEN BEFORE THE CAVE OF BELARIUS

Booklovers Edition

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

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CYMBELINE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *"The Tragedie of Cymbeline"* was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369-399 (misprinted 993). It has been found desirable to remove it from its position in the Folio so that it may be included in this volume of "Comedies."

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an afterthought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the Poet's "rough-cast notes" rather than his finished work.

Doubtful Passages. The Vision in Act V. Sc. iv. was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare's; it recalls the problems connected with the *Masque* in the Fourth Act of *The Tempest;* in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV. Sc. ii.) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found "something strikingly inferior" in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as "additions,"

> *"Golden lads and girls all must,*
> *As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"*

preferring no doubt Collins's more elegant rendering:—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring!"

The "Tragedy" of Cymbeline. The editors of the First Folio erred in describing *Cymbeline* as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; '*all is outward sorrow*' at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearian "Tragi-Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of *Cymbeline;* the probabilities are in favour of 1609-10.

This limit may be fixed from a notice in the MS. *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His *"Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie"** shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearian representations at the Globe Theatre in 1610-11; *Macbeth* is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); *The Winter's Tale* was witnessed on the 15th of May, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; *Cymbeline* unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,—

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

Cymbeline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (*cp.* the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia†) is

* Among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillipps.

† As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted:—

"The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else?" (*Philaster,* IV. i.).

Cp. Cymbeline, V. ii. 2-6.

noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to *circa* 1610-11; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,*" printed in 1612, and written *circa* 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in *Cymbeline.*

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (*e.g.* Act II. ii., compared with *Macbeth,* Act II.*), have led to the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606-7, the whole being completed in 1609-10; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II. Sc. i., and Act V. Sc. ii.-v.† Another scholar‡ calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (*e.g.* I. iii., II. i.); in the later "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV. Sc. i." He finds in Act III. Sc. v. corroboration of his view, pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of Cymbeline and his sons, the tribute, etc., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.§

More important than these questionable theories are the unmistakable links connecting *Cymbeline* with the Shakespearian fragment of *Pericles,* with *The Tempest,* and especially with *The Winter's Tale*—the crowning glories of the close of the Poet's literary life; what the

* Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (ll. 12-14) recalls '*Tarquin's ravishing strides*' (*Macb.*, II i. 55, 56); "*lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct*" (ll. 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's '*silver skin laced with his golden blood*' (*Macb.*, II. iii. 118), etc.

† G. M. Ingleby (*cp.* his edition of "*Cymbeline,*" 1886).

‡ F. G. Fleay.

§ *Cp.* "*A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare.*"

present writer has said of one of these may be said of all: "On all of them his gentle spirit seems to rest; "Timon the Misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

> *'O wonder!*
> *How many goodly creatures are there here!*
> *How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world*
> *That has such people in 't!'*

Perhaps, after all, John Heminge and Henry Condell knew what they were about, when, in defiance of chronology and of their own classification, they opened their precious Folio with the wonders of Prospero's enchanted island, and closed it with 'the divine comedy' of 'Posthumus and Imogen.'

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of the play is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen: this theme, with the famous 'wager-*motif*' and the 'chest intrigue,' is set in a framework of pseudo-British History, and blended with episodes belonging to that mythical epoch.

I. The Historical Element. So far as the names of the British King (whose reign was contemporary with the birth of Christ), his two sons, and stepson, are concerned, the historical element was derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (Bk. III.; ch. xiii.-xviii.); some few meagre incidents were taken from the same source, notably the original of Posthumus's account of the battle, and of his description of the changed fortunes of the fight, summed up in '*a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.*' The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scotland,* near the chapters dealing with the story of *Macbeth.*

The mere name of the heroine is also to be found in Holinshed's account of ancient British story; but it is clear that Shakespeare was already familiar with the name when engaged on *Much Ado About Nothing*; in the opening stage-direction of this play "Innogen" is actually mentioned as "the wife of Leonato."

II. The Story of Imogen. The story of Imogen was derived, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio; it is one of the Second Day Stories, "wherein was discoursed of those who after being baffled by divers chances have won at last of a joyful issue beyond their hope." The Ninth Story tells "*how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiulo, loseth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich.*"

This rough outline of the plot, at the head of Boccaccio's story, indicates, somewhat at least, how far Shakespeare's version departs from the Italian. Shakespeare may have read the story as told in the *Decamerone*, but there were many other renderings of the theme, which, perhaps originally belonging to Byzantine literature, found a place in Old French Romance and Drama long before it reached Italy; in all probability "*The Romance of the Violet,*" by Gerbert de Montruil, *circa* 1225, was the source of Boccaccio's novel.

From the French, rather than from the Italian, were derived the oldest German and Scandinavian stories of "*The Four Merchants; or, The Virtuous Wife.*" Some such English variant of the Imogen story was probably current in England in the sixteenth century, and may account for certain features of the play; *e.g.* the introduction in Act I. Sc. iv. of the representatives of the four

nationalities,* but it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was also acquainted with Boccaccio's narrative. A curious English version appeared in a tract entitled "*Westward for Smelts,*" which was published in 1620; its chief interest lies perhaps in the fact that the story is there associated with English history, and referred to the times of Edward IV.†

III. Imogen and Snow-white. Certain elements of the plot have still to be accounted for:—*e.g.* (i.) the story of the wicked step-dame, with her subtle interest in the poisonous properties of herbs: (ii.) the stealing of the princes, and their free life in the wilds and in their cave-home: (iii.) Fidele's happy life with them in the cave; its sudden end; the re-awakening from death. These, and other points, serve to knit together the two main threads of the plot, but they are nowhere to be found in Holinshed, nor in Boccaccio, nor in the many variants of the "wager-story." The bare enumeration of the three elements must, I think, serve to establish Shakespeare's obligation to another source,—to a folk-story still among the most popular of all nursery tales,—the story of "Little Snow-white." The fairy tale as known to modern English children has come to them from Germany, but there can be little doubt that an English "Snow-white" was known to Shakespeare in his own youth, and was perhaps even dearer to him than the stories of "Childe Rowland" and "Mr. Fox" (*vide King Lear,* III. iv. 188, and *Much Ado About Nothing,* I. i. 216-218). These latter fairy tales are happily still preserved among the

* It is interesting to note that not only was the story of "*The Four Merchants*" well known in Denmark in the XVIth century, but during the same century Iceland had ballads and rhymes on the same theme; the writer possesses transcripts of several such versions.

† Malone alludes to an edition of 1603; but he probably made a mistake; the book may have existed in manuscript years before its publication.

treasures of "English Fairy Tales": some day perhaps Shakespeare's "Snow-white" may be added; one would, however, be much surprised if it differed strikingly from the tale so dear to us from infancy.

In the tale as in the play we have (i.) a weak king surrendering his child to the tender mercies of a cruel stepmother, who, to quote from the popular version, "was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty"; (ii.) the cottage of the dwarfs which gives Snow-white shelter is described in the best and truest versions as a cave in the forest; (iii.) Snow-white, hungry and thirsty, enters the cave uninvited, and is found by the kindly dwarfs, much in the same way as Fidele by Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried the dwarfs, "what a lovely child!" '*By Jupiter an Angel!*' quoth Belarius,

> '*or if not,*
> *An earthly paragon!*' . . .

(iv.) The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, and make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." Even so was it with Fidele.

> '*But his neat cookery! he cut our roots*
> *In characters,*
> *And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick*
> *And he her dieter.*' . . .

(v.) "Snow-white," the story tells us, "kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, 'Beware of your stepmother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in.'" . . . The situation is practically identical in the play, save that Imogen's wicked stepmother need not visit her, for she works her evil power by means of the poisoned cordial. Both in the play and in the tale

the poison sends the victim into a death-like trance. (vi) The simple narrative of the nursery story is perhaps the best commentary on the sweetest scene of the play, the finding of Fidele dead—'*the bird is dead that we have made so much on*'—and the burial, the sorrow of the princes, and their dirge. "Snow-white was dead, and remained dead. The dwarfs laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long. Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said '*we cannot bury her in the dark ground,*' and they had a transparent coffin of glass made. They put the coffin out upon the mountains, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove." Beneath all the complexity of plot created by Shakespeare, this original can still clearly be detected; in the play the homely robin, '*the ruddock,*' does service for the owl, the raven, and the dove of the story. The parallels might easily be multiplied. These will perhaps suffice to show that Imogen, '*the sweetest, fairest lily,*' and Fidele, '*that sweet rosy lad,*' owed something of their beauty to the child "white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as ebony." "Imogen" is in very deed "Snow-white," the best beloved of childhood's heroines, transfigured as manhood's ideal of all womanly perfection.

"Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
Till the Tree Die."

Coin of Cymbeline (the Cunobelinus of early British history).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The displeasure of Cymbeline, King of Britain, is aroused against Posthumus, a gentleman who has presumed to wed the King's daughter, Imogen, and Posthumus is sent into exile. Arriving in Rome, he encounters an evil-minded Italian named Iachimo, who casts aspersions on the chastity of all women, and offers to wager that he will work the dishonour of Imogen. Posthumus has such confidence in his wife's integrity that he consents to the trial. Iachimo proceeds to the British court and, not succeeding in his open overtures with Imogen, has recourse to stealth.

II. He gains admittance to her bedchamber by having himself carried there in a trunk. While she sleeps he takes off a bracelet from her arm and obtains a mental description of her room and person. Armed with this circumstantial evidence, he returns to Posthumus and is enabled thereby to convince him of Imogen's guilt.

III. The misguided husband sends an order to his faithful servant Pisanio to put Imogen to death; which order is disregarded by Pisanio, who instead induces Imogen to disguise herself in male attire and go in search of Posthumus. By this flight she is likewise enabled to escape the malice of the Queen, her stepmother, and the disagreeable attentions of the Queen's son, Cloten. While traversing the mountainous country of Wales, Imogen by chance pauses faint and hungry

before a cave wherein dwells Belarius, a banished nobleman, disguised as a peasant, who, in revenge for his unjust banishment, had abducted the king's two sons some twenty years before. The princes, now fully grown, though ignorant of their descent and also of the identity of the stranger, are strongly attracted to Imogen by the subtle tie of blood, and entertain her hospitably.

IV. Cloten arrives before the cave in pursuit of Imogen, and is slain in a duel by one of the princes. His headless body is left lightly covered with leaves and flowers. Imogen, having on her person a poison prepared by the Queen, swallows it under the belief that it is a soothing cordial, and immediately falls into a deep sleep resembling death. The heart-broken princes lay her body beside that of Cloten. Shortly after she awakes from her stupor and mistakes the headless body for that of her lost lord Posthumus. In her despair she seeks service as page with a Roman general who is just then invading Britain.

V. With the Roman army come Iachimo and Posthumus. A battle is fought against the forces of Cymbeline. Posthumus in the garb of a peasant fights valorously for Britain. Belarius and the two princes also render signal service to Cymbeline, aiding him to rout the Romans. The service paves the way for a reconciliation between Belarius and the king, in which the former reveals the identity of the two long-lost princes.

Among the prisoners taken are Iachimo and Imogen, the supposed page. The Italian makes confession of his villainy, and Imogen is restored to Posthumus, whom the king receives again into favour. The malicious Queen dies in despair at the frustration of her designs.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Imogen.

Imogen, like Juliet, conveys to our mind the impression of extreme simplicity in the midst of the most wonderful complexity. To conceive her aright, we must take some peculiar tint from many characters, and so mingle them that, like the combination of hues in a sunbeam, the effect shall be as one to the eye. We must imagine something of the romantic enthusiasm of Juliet, of the truth and constancy of Helen, of the dignified purity of Isabel, of the tender sweetness of Viola, of the self-possession and intellect of Portia—combined together so equally and so harmoniously that we can scarcely say that one quality predominates over the other. But Imogen is less imaginative than Juliet, less spirited and intellectual than Portia, less serious than Helen and Isabel; her dignity is not so imposing as that of Hermione—it stands more on the defensive; her submission, though unbounded, is not so passive as that of Desdemona; and thus, while she resembles each of these characters individually, she stands wholly distinct from all.

It is true that the conjugal tenderness of Imogen is at once the chief subject of the drama and the pervading charm of her character; but it is not true, I think, that she is merely interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogen's nature that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm superadded, like the colour laid upon a beautiful groundwork. Neither does it appear to me that Posthumus is unworthy of Imogen, or only interesting on Imogen's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama, is kept subordinate to hers; but this could not be otherwise, for she is the proper sub-

ject—the heroine of the poem. Everything is done to ennoble Posthumus and justify her love for him; and though we certainly approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogen's eyes, and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration. . . .

One thing more must be particularly remarked, because it serves to individualize the character from the beginning to the end of the poem. We are constantly sensible that Imogen, besides being a tender and devoted woman, is a princess and a beauty, at the same time that she is ever superior to her position and her external charms. There is, for instance, a certain airy majesty of deportment—a spirit of accustomed command breaking out every now and then—the dignity, without the assumption, of rank and royal birth, which is apparent in the scene with Cloten and elsewhere; and we have not only a general impression that Imogen, like other heroines, is beautiful, but the peculiar style and character of her beauty are placed before us. We have an image of the most luxuriant loveliness, combined with exceeding delicacy, and even fragility of person; of the most refined elegance and the most exquisite modesty.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

The Antecedents of Imogen.

As in Cleopatra and Cressida we had woman determined solely by her sex, so in Imogen we have an embodiment of the highest possible characteristics of womanhood—untainted health of soul, unshaken fortitude, constancy that withstands all trials, inexhaustible forbearance, unclouded intelligence, love that never wavers, and unquenchable radiance of spirit. She, like Marina, is cast into the snake-pit of the world. She is

slandered, and not, like Desdemona, at second or third hand, but by the very man who boasts of her favours and supports his boast with seemingly incontrovertible proofs. Like Cordelia, she is misjudged; but whereas Cordelia is merely driven from her father's presence along with the man of her choice, Imogen is doomed to death by her cruelly-deceived husband, whom alone she adores; and through it all she preserves her love for him unweakened and unchanged.

Strange—very strange! In Imogen we find the fullest, deepest love that Shakespeare has ever placed in a woman's breast, and that although *Cymbeline* follows close upon plays which were filled to the brim with contempt for womankind. He believed, then, in such love, so impassioned, so immovable, so humble—believed in it now? He had, then, observed or encountered such a love—encountered it at this point of his life?

Even a poet has scant enough opportunities of observing love. Love is a rare thing, much rarer than the world pretends, and when it exists, it is apt to be sparing of words. Did he simply fall back on his own experiences, his own inward sensations, his knowledge of his own heart, and, transposing his feelings from the major to the minor key, place them on a woman's lips? Or did he love at this moment, and was he himself thus beloved at the end of the fifth decade of his life? The probability is, doubtless, that he wrote from some quite fresh experience, though it does not follow that the experience was actually his own. It is not often that women love men of his mental habit and stature with such intensity of passion. The rule will always be that a Molière shall find himself cast aside for some Comte de Guiche, a Shakespeare for some Earl of Pembroke. Thus we cannot with any certainty conclude that he himself was the object of the passion which had revived his faith in a woman's power of complete and unconditional absorption in love for one man, and for him alone. In the first place, had the experience been his

own, he would scarcely have left London so soon. Yet the probability is that he must just about this time have gained some clear and personal insight into an ideal love. In the public sphere, too, it is not unlikely that Arabella Stuart's undaunted passion for Lord William Seymour, so cruelly punished by King James, may have afforded the model for Imogen's devotion to Posthumus in defiance of the will of King Cymbeline.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Posthumus.

The design of the play evidently required that Posthumus should be kept in the background. For he could not be in the foreground without staying beside Imogen; staying there, he could not be cheated out of his faith in her; in which case there would be no chance for the trial and proof of her constancy. Hence the necessity of putting so much respecting him into the mouths of the other persons; and certainly their tongues are rich enough in praise of him. It was no easy thing to carry him through the part assigned him in the play, without disqualifying overmuch the lady's judgement in choosing him; and the Poet manifestly labours somewhat to plant such second-hand impressions of him as may secure the vindication of her choice in our thoughts. For he clearly meant that her wisdom and insight, as approved in other things, should serve to us as a pledge and guaranty of his worth; that "by her election should be truly read what kind of man he is." And not the least of his merits as an artist is the skill he has in making his characters so utter themselves as at the same time to mirror one another. And so here, being forced either to withdraw Posthumus from our immediate view, or else to set him before us in a somewhat

unfavourable light, the best thing he could do, was to give us a reflection of him from Imogen; and if that reflection, confirmed as it is by others, be not enough, there was no help for it; it was the best that the nature of the case admitted of. And surely it were something bold in any man to wage his own judgement in a matter of this kind against such a woman's as Imogen; for, as Campbell says, "she hallows to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return."

Still we can hardly keep quit of the suspicion, that his high credit with her and others is partly owing to the presence of such a foil as Cloten, in comparison with whom he is an angel of a man indeed. And at all events one cannot choose but wish that the Poet had made him hold out a little more firmly against the forged or stolen evidences of his wife's infidelity, and keep his faith at least till the last and strongest item was produced. It is observable, that the Poet represents his very fulness of confidence at first as rendering him all the more liable to the reverse in the contingency that is to arrive: because he is perfectly sure that no proofs of success can be shown by Iachimo, therefore, when some such proofs *are* shown, he falls the more readily into the opposite state. And this, undoubtedly, is in the right line of nature. For to shake the confidence of such a man in such a case is to invert it all into distrust at once. The character of Posthumus is crowned with a liberal measure of redemption in the latter part of the play. After his revenge, as he believes, has been taken, his exceeding bitterness of remorse and penitence turn our revenge into pity; for his experience presses home to our hearts as well as his own, that, "though those who are betray'd do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor stands in worse case of woe"; and his persevering quest of death finally repeals the feeling which we should otherwise be apt to have, that death were none too bad for him.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Cloten.

Life at court is beset with treacherous quicksands. The king is stupid, passionate, perpetually misguided; the queen is a wily murderess; and between them stands her son, Cloten, one of Shakespeare's most original figures, a true creation of genius, without a rival in all the Poet's long gallery of fools and dullards. His stupid inefficiency and undisguised malignity have nothing in common with his mother's hypocritical and supple craft; he takes after her in worthlessness alone.

For the sake of an inartistic stage effect, Shakespeare has endowed him with a bodily frame indistinguishable from that of the handsome Posthumus, leaving it to his head alone to express the world-wide difference between them. But how admirably has the Poet characterised the dolt and boor by making him shoot forth his words with an explosive stammer! With profound humour and delicate observation, he has endowed him with the loftiest notions of his own dignity, and given him no shadow of doubt as to his rights. There are no bounds to his vanity, his coarseness, his bestiality. If words could do it, not a word of his but would wound others to the quick. And not only his words, but his intents are of the most malignant; he would outrage Imogen at Milford Haven and "spurn her home" to her father. His stupidity, fortunately, renders him less dangerous, and with delicate art Shakespeare has managed to make him from first to last produce a comic effect, thereby softening the painful impression of the portraiture. We take pleasure in him as in Caliban, whom he foreshadows, and who had the same designs upon Miranda as he upon Imogen. We might even describe Caliban as Cloten developed into a type, a symbol.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Royal Pair.

The Queen—whose guilty machinations threaten to be the ruin of Posthumus, who holds the reins of government in her own hands, and has the intention of directing the fortunes of all, in accordance with her own resolves—lives to see all her plans thwarted, and in the end herself falls a victim to the destructive power of her own wickedness. Cymbeline, the husband, father and king—who is more or less directly affected by the complications in the lives of all the others, hence as it were, the point where all the radii of the wide circle meet, and from which they in the first instance proceed, and upon whom everything turns although he himself appears the least active—forms the quiescent centre of the action, and in his undutiful lassitude and passiveness regulates the fortunes of all, but is ultimately obliged to take all their fortunes upon himself. The drama, therefore, very justly bears his name.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VII.

Iachimo and Pisanio.

The part of Iachimo illustrates, though not on a very large scale, Shakespeare's peculiar science and learned dealing in the moral constitution of man. At our first meeting with Iachimo, he is in just that stage of moral sickness, that he must be worse before he can be better; and in his sharp practice on the wager his disease reaches the extreme point which, even because it is extreme, starts a process of moral revolution within him; setting him to a hard diet of remorse and repentance, and conducting him through these to renovation and health. So that his treachery is one of those large

overdoses of crime which sometimes have the effect of purging off men's criminality. Such is the cunning leechcraft of nature: out of men's vices she hatches scorpions to lash and sting them into virtue.

Those who think poetry dwells more in the palace than the cottage, and that Shakespeare is apt to postpone the rights of untitled manhood in favour of conventional aristocracy, may be sent to school to Pisanio; who is, socially, the humblest person in the drama, yet his being is "all compact" of essential heroism. His action shows not one self-regarding thought or purpose; he alone seems to live and breathe purely for others. And what shrewdness, what forecast, what fertility of beneficence there is in him! His character is lifted into the highest region of poetry by his oblivion of self; and even those whom he serves derive much of their poetry from his self-forgetting, incorruptible loyalty to them.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Guiderius and Arviragus.

The two Princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. Shakspeare is fond of showing the superiority of the natural over the artificial. Over the art which enriches nature, he somewhere says, there is a higher art created by nature herself. As Miranda's unconscious and unstudied sweetness is more pleasing than those charms which endeavour to captivate us by the brilliant embellishments of a refined cultivation, so in these two youths, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are ignorant of their high destination, and have been brought up apart from human society, we are equally enchanted by a naïve heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are

irresistibly compelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when, with all the innocence of childhood, Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship for the tender boy, in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister; when, on their return from the chase, they find her dead, then "sing her to the ground," and cover the grave with flowers:—these scenes might give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry. If a tragical event is only apparent in such case, whether the spectators are already aware of it or ought merely to suspect it, Shakspeare always knows how to mitigate the impression without weakening it: he makes the mourning musical, that it may gain in solemnity what it loses in seriousness.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

IX.

Elements and Construction.

If Cymbeline is deliberately detached from history, his queen and their children transport us into manifest faerie. The evil stepmother, with her malign beauty, culling the poison-flowers "while yet the dew 's on the ground," is a witch *manquée*, a Medea not quite perfect in her part; her clownish son is a Caliban made slightly more human and considerably more vulgar; Imogen, with all her added wealth of mind and heart, yet clearly betrays the lineaments of the peerless princess whom the malign stepmother pursues and good fairies defend; while the whole episode of her life in the cave with her unknown brothers, her seeming death and burial, differs from the *Märchen* of *Schneewittchen* ("Little Snowwhite") only as the poetry which moves wholly within the human sphere and is wrought out in dramatic detail and imaginative phrase differs from the naïve poetry of the fairy tale. The evil stepmother provides her

"poison" by the aid of a physician; the kindly dwarfs become valiant young hunters, and Schneewittchen's crystal coffin becomes a woodland bed of flowers and moss lightly sprinkled on the face of the seeming dead.

It can hardly be denied that these several elements of story are not quite faultlessly wrought together. The complex mechanism of the plot is lubricated by a free use of happy coincidences and fortuities, and explained by conversations and soliloquies which serve merely to explain it. It is even possible to maintain that the motley contrast of the interwoven motives has here and there infected the characters;—that Cloten, more particularly, as he appears in the council of war, is a person of more distinction than the clownish wooer of Imogen and butt of the court wits. As in all the plays of this latest group, mechanical coherence of plot is treated with apparent nonchalance, even character is displayed rather in detached moments than with that subtle power of exhibiting its gradual evolution or decay which contributes so much to the fascination of *Hamlet* or *Othello* or *Antony and Cleopatra*; but these moments are illuminated with a dramatic vision so intense and a poetry so poignantly beautiful, that the less intrinsic movements of the play sink into a subordination of effect in which their incoherences are lost sight of. In the subject-matter with which they deal we cannot sharply divide the so-called Romances from the Tragedies; they all deal with tragic harms; both *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* sound several chords of the theme of *Othello*. But, in the first place, the tragic action is briefer and simpler, less desperate in its outlook, less harrowing in its course; and, in the second, there open out of it vistas of a reposeful and healing seclusion on the one side, of remorse and atonement on the other, which finally converge in scenes of reconciliation and forgiveness.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

The play is not merely a series of beautiful pictures, or interesting episodes, such as we are accustomed to find in the productions of dramatists of less renown. Here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, everything is subservient to the development of character. From this point of view every scene contributes its share to the dénouement, nor is there any falling off observable in the power of the artist; the master-hand is as discernible in these latest creations as in those of any earlier period. And he has put forth all his strength on the central figure of the drama, the matchless Imogen, to speak of whom is to sing one long pæan of praise, and whose very name is as full of music as her voice. In her is to be found everything that makes woman lovable, and there is no situation in which she is placed which does not reveal some fresh beauty in her character.

EVANS: *Henry Irving Shakespeare.*

In *Cymbeline* we may note what has presented itself in the plays of admitted inferiority, a recurrence of hints of motive and character that are fully worked out in more perfect pieces. This is sometimes an anticipation, but sometimes a memory; and possibly the appearance that Iachimo is a first idea of Iago, and Posthumus the crude conception of the passion of Othello, as Cymbeline of the weakness and tyranny of Lear, may be but fallacious. Indeed, the thought has sometimes occurred to me, that Shakespeare indulged himself designedly in this drama in playing with the same motives in less severe combination, and in falling back for relief, after the tension of his great tragic actions, upon the milder harmonies that might be evoked as truly from the selfsame themes.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*
CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*
BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.*
PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* } *Italians.*
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces.*
PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*
CORNELIUS, *a physician.*
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
A Frenchman, friend to Philario.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*
HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain: Rome.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.
Sec. Gent. But what 's the matter?
First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she 's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10
First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
Sec. Gent. And why so?
First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,

I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What 's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And, in 's spring became a harvest: lived in court—

Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved:
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, 50
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago? 61

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70
After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-eyed unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,

And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: 101
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*] Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad!
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing! 150

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your Patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha! 160
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me 170
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A public place.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice; where air comes out, air comes in: there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body 's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt. 10

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground. 20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit. 30

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You 'll go with us?

First Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together. 40
Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven
And question'dst every sail: if he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!
Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, 31
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he
was then of a crescent note; expected to prove

so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are 20 wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a

noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 40

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 50

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 60

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 70

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. 80

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods. 90

Iach. Which the gods have given you!

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but

frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a 100
courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should
get ground of your fair mistress, make her go 110
back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a per- 120
suasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke! 130

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 140

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn be- 150 tween 's; my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your 160

jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion 170 and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away from Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us 180 follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:
[*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply 21
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended; 30

Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes. 40
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him! [*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up 60
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such 71
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shaked: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that hath their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You 're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

* Omission of the most necessary words

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads*] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—

'LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 30
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgement; 41
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir, 50
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.
[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He 's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad,
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof, 70
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do, 90
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,—discover to me

What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch, 100
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit 110
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I
Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,

Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips. 140

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit 150
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot 180
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great; 190
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word 200
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome. 210
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the 20 queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors. 30

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There 's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, 40 whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian: what I have lost 50 to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass? a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd, 60
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'ld make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye! 10
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids 20
To see the unclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret 40
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?

Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord. 10

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if

none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, 20
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will 30
consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother. 40

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself 50
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; 60
But that 's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho!
[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what 70
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.* 80

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That s more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess!
[*Exit Lady.*

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. 90
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 100
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all 110
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 120

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base 130
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 139
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe! I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: 150
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Clo. You have abused me:
'His meanest garment!'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I 'll be revenged:
'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.* 160

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly: and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made 30
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand

And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir,—I thank her—that: 100
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me
And said she prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made 111
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it, or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stol'n. 120
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly,
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient: 130
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—
Post. Never talk on 't;

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I 'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I 'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father. I 'll do something— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won: 150
Let 's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion 20
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,

Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still 30
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame': with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard 40 as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will

pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more
tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;

Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end. 80

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome.' [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She 's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10

Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] 'Do 't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st 21
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'ld lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, 40
should he take me in his dominion, could not be
so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures,
would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven:
what your own love will out of this advise you,
follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that
remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me 51
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st
O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick,—
Love's counsellor should fill the pores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot!
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, 70

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, 80
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill! 10
Your legs are young: I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey, 40
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid 71
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king; 80
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck,' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,

Smile to 't before; if wintry, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take of some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to 30 strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, 50
Thy favour 's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, 60
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 70
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,

But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;— 80
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;—
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up 90
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And made me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory,
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, 110
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. No so, neither: 120
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 130
What shall I do the while? where abide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume 140
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure!

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage; 160
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. 170
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy,—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail 181
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 191
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes, 40
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court 50
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.
[*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown 61
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her: for she 's fair and royal, 70
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
That what 's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall— 80

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? 90
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I 'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment. 110

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me? 120

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go. 130

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon:—even

there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,

And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!
[*Exit.*

Scene VI.

Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who 's here!

If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: 30
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n nought: nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon 51
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you 're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What 's your name? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I 'ld buy.

Arv. I 'll make 't my comfort 71
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:

And such a welcome as I 'ld give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be, 80
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'ld change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, 91
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10
First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
Sec. Sen. Ay.
First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.
First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet,
if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his
garments serve me! Why should his mistress,

who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me 11
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how! how!
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why 20
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'ld say
' My father, not this youth.'
Bel. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!
We 'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We 'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick, 50

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who 's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clo. Soft! What are you 70
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering

A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base, 80
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What 's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, 89
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't: not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I 'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.* 100

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore, 120
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow.
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
He 'ld fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,

My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek 151
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges, 159
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I 'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother 190
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus with Imogen, as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack 220
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that 230
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that 'Euriphile' must be 'Fidele.'

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee: 240
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe, 250
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither,
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have; 280
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come lay him down.
Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night: faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me: not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310
The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Syenna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west, 349

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He 's alive, my lord.

Luc. He 'll then instruct us of this body. Young one, 360
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 370
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same: 380
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave 390
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd 400
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and 10
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio*] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy

Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you 're ready: 30
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let 's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!
[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain 40
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render 11
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,

Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die, 51
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long: their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I 'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! 20

I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogen, and the Roman army; from the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.* 10

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. }
Arv. } Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling 10
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter; 20
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!' These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all 30
The rest do nothing,—with this word 'Stand, stand,'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon 40
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend; 60
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you 're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster, 70
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death: 80
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who 's there?

Post. A Roman;

Who had not now been drooping here if seconds 90
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: then exeunt omnes.

Scene IV.

A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you:
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then—as men report
Thou orphans' father art— 40
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world, 50
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain, 70
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity. 90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours. 100
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine: 110
And so away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when 140 from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which 150
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are 160 often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty, the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of 170 what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer;

for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go. 180

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as 190 wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I 'll be hanged then. 200

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but First Gaoler.*

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there

were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I 210
speak against my present profit, but my wish
hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been sèarch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too? How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40
And, but she spoke in dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, 50
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Ladies. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that

The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth 80
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,

The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak, 110
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?

Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another 120

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on.
To good or bad.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth; 130
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me? 140
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will 151
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurst
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthumus,—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly, 160
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one 171
That had a royal lover, took his hint,

And not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it 190
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough 200
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks I see him now—

Post. [*Advancing*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple 220
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help! 229
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How came these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life, but in short time

All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him 280
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath

More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three: 310
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence: 320
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd 360
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It is a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved,

Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances, 390
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd! 420
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing 430
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can

Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, 440 then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer'; and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier': which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the most majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;

My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar 460
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, 470
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abode; "desire my man's a.," *i.e.* bid my servant to stay; I. vi. 53.
Absolute, absolutely certain, positive; IV. ii. 106.
Abuse, deceive; I. vi. 131; IV. ii. 351.
Abused, deceived; I. iv. 120; III. iv. 105.
Act, action, operation; I. v. 22.
Action, state, course; V. iv. 150.
Adjourn'd, deferred; V. iv. 78.
Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. iv. 5; I. vi. 38.
——, veneration and wonder; IV. ii. 232.
Adorer, idolator; I. iv. 72.
Adventure, run the risk; III. iv. 156.
Adventured, dared, ventured; I. vi. 172.
Advice; "best a.," deliberate consideration; I. i. 156.
Afeard, afraid; IV. ii. 94.
Affected, loved; V. v. 38.
Affiance, fidelity; I. vi. 163.
Affirmation; "bloody a.," "sealing the truth with his blood"; I. iv. 62.
Affront; "gave the a.," confronted the enemy; V. iii. 87.
——, confront; IV. iii. 29.
Afric, Africa; I. i. 167.
After, afterwards; I. v. 80; I. vi. 50; II. iii. 18.
After, according to; IV. ii. 334.
After-eye, look after; I. iii. 16.
Air's from, air there is away from; III. iii. 29.
Albeit, although; II. iii. 60.
Allow'd, acknowledged; III. iii. 17.
Amazed, confused; IV. iii. 28.
Amend, make better; V. v. 216.
Ancient, old, aged; V. iii. 15.
Andirons, irons at the side of the fire-place; II. iv. 88.

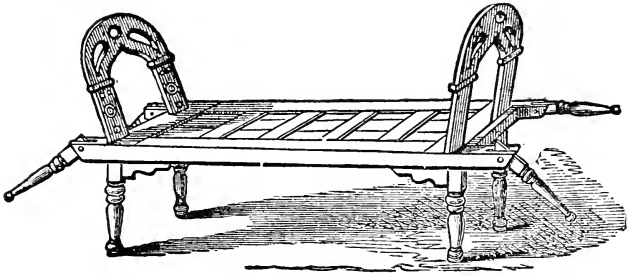
From an Italian specimen formerly in the palace of Count Brancaleone.

Annoy, harm; IV. iii. 34.
Answer, punishment; IV. iv. 13.
——, return, retaliation; V. iii. 79.
——, correspond to; IV. ii. 192.
Answer'd him, done like him; V. iii. 91.
Ape, mimic, imitator; II. ii. 31.
Apparent, plain, evident; II. iv. 56.
Apprehension, conception; IV. ii. 110.
Approbation, attestation; I. iv. 130.
Approve, prove; IV. ii. 380; V. v. 245.
Approvers; "their a.." those who make trial of their courage; II. iv. 25.
Arabian bird, the phœnix; I. vi. 17.
Arm, take up into the arms; IV. ii. 400.
Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. ii. 26.
As, for; I. vi. 130.
——, like; II. iv. 84.
——, as if; IV. ii. 50; V. ii. 16; V. iv. 116.
Assumed, put on; V. v. 319.
At, on; III. iv. 193.
Atone, reconcile; I. iv. 41.
Attemptable, open to temptation; I. iv. 63.
Attended, listened to; I. vi. 142.
Attending, doing service; III. iii. 22.
——, awaiting; V. iv. 38.
Averring, alleging; V. v. 203.
Avoid! begone! away! I. i. 125.
Back'd, seated upon the back of; V. v. 427.
Base, a game in which the quickest runner is the winner; V. iii. 20.
Basilisk, the fabulous monster whose look was supposed to strike the beholder with death; II. iv. 107.

Basilisk.
From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

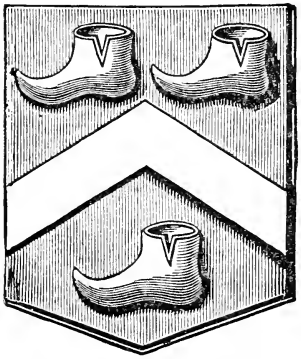
Bate, beat down, deduct; III. ii. 56.
Bay, bark at; V. v. 223.
Beastly, like beasts; III. iii. 40; V. iii. 27.
Becomed, become; V. v. 406.
Behalf; "in the clock's b.," *i.e.* doing the service of a clock; III. ii. 75.
Belch from, vomit from; III. v. 137.
Bent, cast, look; I. i. 13.
Beseech, I beseech; I. i. 153.
Beseeming, appearance; V. v. 409.
Betid, happened (Folios, "*betide*"); IV. iii. 40.

Be what it is; let it be what it may; V. iv. 149.
Beyond nature, which are immortal; V. v. 165.
Bier; IV. ii. 22. (See illustration.)



From an early XVIIth century specimen, till recently preserved at the Church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester.

Bloods, temperaments; I. i. 1.
Bold, sure, confident; II. iv. 2.
Bondage, obligation; II. iv. 111.
Book, tablet; V. iv. 133. (See Notes.)
Boot; "to b.," in addition; I. v. 69; II. iii. 34.
Bore in hand, falsely pretended, abused with false hopes; V. v. 43.
Bow, makes to bow; III. iii. 3.
——, stoop in entering; III. iii. 83.
Brain not, do not understand; V. iv. 147.
Brands, torches; II. iv. 91.
Bravely, well; II. ii. 15.
Bravery, "state of defiance"; III. i. 18.
Brawns, arms; IV. ii. 311.
Breeding, life; V. iii. 17.
Bring, accompany, escort; I. i. 171.
Brogues, thick shoes; IV. ii. 214.
Bugs, bugbears; V. iii. 51.
But, except, without; V. v. 311.



The arms of the old Irish family of Arthure.

By, from; II. iv. 77, 78; III. v. 58.
By-dependances, accessory circumstances; V. v. 390.

By-peeping, looking aside, side-long glances (Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, "*lye peeping*"; Collier MS., "*bo-peeping*"; Keightley, "*bide peeping*"; etc., etc.); I. vi. 108.

Calves'-guts, fiddle-strings; II. iii. 32.

Capon, perhaps used quibblingly for "*cap on*," *i.e.* "with a coxcomb"; II. i. 25.

Carl, churl, peasant; V. ii. 4.

Carriage; "your c.," carrying you off; III. iv. 190.

Cased, covered; V. iii. 22.

Cave, live in a cave; IV. ii. 138.

Cave-keeper, one who lives in a cave; IV. ii. 298.

Century, hundred; IV. ii. 391.

Certainty, certain results; IV. iv. 27.

Chaffless, without chaff; I. vi. 178.

Chance, event, circumstance; V. v. 391.

Change you, do you change colour; I. vi. 11.

Characters, handwriting; III. ii. 28.

——, letters; IV. ii. 49.

Charge, burden, take hold of; III. iv. 44.

Charm'd, made invulnerable; V. iii. 68.

Charming, having magical, protecting power; I. iii. 35.

——; "more c.," *i.e.* charming more, bewitching others more; V. iii. 32.

Check, reproof; III. iii. 22.

Cinque-spotted, with five spots; II. ii. 38.

Circumstances, details, particulars; II. iv. 62.

Citizen, cockney-bred, effeminate; IV. ii. 8.

Civil, civilized; III. vi. 23.

Clean, altogether; III. vi. 20.

Clipp'd, surrounded, encircled; II. iii. 139.

Clipp'd about, embraced; V. v. 451.

Close, secret; III. v. 85.

Closet, private chamber; I. v. 84.

Cloth, dress, livery; II. iii. 128.

Clotpoll, head; IV. ii. 184.

Clouted brogues, hob-nailed boots; IV. ii. 214.

Cloys, strokes with his claws; V. iv. 118.

Cognizance, visible token; II. iv. 127.

Collection of, inference from; V. v. 432.

Colour; "against all c.," contrary to all appearance of right; III. i. 51.

Colours; "under her c.," *i.e.* "under her banner, by her influence"; I. iv. 20.

Comfort, happiness, joy; V. v. 403.

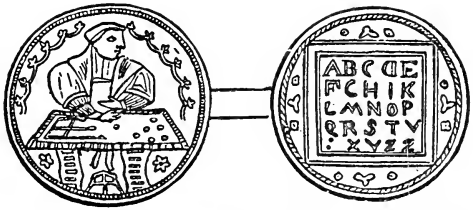
Common-kissing, kissing anything and everything; III. iv. 166.

Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); II. i. 28.

Company, accompany; V. v. 408.

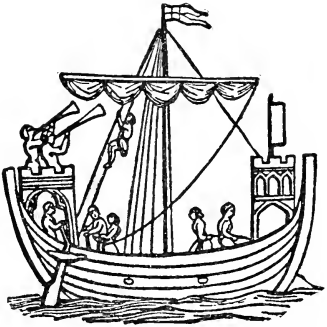
Comparative for, comparing with; II. iii. 133.

Conclusions, experiments; I. v 18.
Condition, character; V. v. 165
Conduct, escort, safe-conduct: III. v. 8.
Confections, composition of drugs; I. v. 15; V. v. 246.
Confident; "three thousand c.," with the confidence of three thousand; V. iii. 29.
Confiners, borderers; IV. ii. 337.
Confounded, destroyed; I. iv. 53.
Consequence, succession; II. iii. 125.
Consider, pay, reward; II. iii. 31.
——, take into consideration; V. v. 28.
Constant-qualified, faithful; I. iv. 63.
Construction, interpretation; V. v. 433.
Consummation, end, death; IV. ii. 280.
Containing; "whose c.," the contents of which; V. v. 430.
Content thee, trouble not thyself about it; I. v. 26.
Convey'd, stolen; I. i. 63.
Convince, overcome; I. iv. 101.
Cordial, reviving to the spirits; I. v. 64.
Counterchange, exchange; V. v. 396.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in calculations; V. iv. 174.



From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Crack'd, blustered, bragged; V. v. 177.
——, broken; V. v. 207.
Crare, skiff, a small vessel


From an illuminated MS. XVth cent.

(Sympson's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, *"care"*; Warburton, adopted by

Theobald, "*carrack*"; Hanmer, "*carack*"); IV. ii. 205.
Crescent, increasing, growing; I. iv. 2.
Crop, harvest, produce; I. vi. 33.
Curb'd, restrained; II. iii. 124.
Curious, careful; I. vi. 191.
Cutter, sculptor; II. iv. 83.
Cydnus, a river in Cilicia; II. iv. 71.
Cytherea, Venus; II. ii. 14.

Damm'd, stopped up; V. iii. 11.
Dark, mean, obscure; III. iv. 147.
Dear, deeply felt; V. v. 345.
Debitor and creditor, account book; V. iv. 171.
Decay, destroy; I. v. 56.
Defect; "d. of judgement," *i.e.* "the defective use of judgement" (Ingleby); IV. ii. 111.
Definite, resolute; I. vi. 43.
Delicate, alluring; (?) ingenious, artful; V. v. 47.
Delighted, delightful; V. iv. 102.
Depend, impend, remain in suspense; IV. iii. 23.
Depending, resting, leaning; II. iv. 91.
Desperate; "upon a d. bed," dangerously ill; IV. iii. 6.
Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; IV. i. 16.
Die the death, die a violent death; IV. ii. 96.
Differing multitudes, wavering multitudes, fickle mobs; III. vi. 86.
Discover, disclose, confess; I. vi. 98; III. v. 95.
Disedged, surfeited; III. iv. 96.
Dismission, rejection, dismissal; II. iii. 56.
Doom'd, decided; V. v. 420.
Doubting, suspecting that; I. vi. 95.
Drawn, tapped, emptied; V. iv. 168.
Drawn to head, gathered together, levied; III. v. 25.
Drug-damn'd, detested for its drugs and poisons; III. iv. 15.

Earnest, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. v. 65.
Elder, elder-tree; IV. ii. 59.
Elder, i.e. later, of more recent date; V. i. 14.
Elected, chosen; III. iv. 112.
Election, choice; I. ii. 30.
Empery, empire; I. vi. 120.
Enchafed, enraged; IV. ii. 174.
Encounter, meet; I. iii. 32.
——, meet with; I. vi. 112.
Ended, died; V. v. 30.
Enforce, force, compel; IV. iii. 11.
Enforced, forced; IV. i. 19.
Enlargement, liberty; II. iii. 125.
Entertain, take into service; IV. ii. 394.
Estate, state, condition; V. v. 74.
Even, keep pace with, profit by; III. iv. 184.
——, just; III. vi. 16.
Event, issue, result; III. v. 14.
Ever, ever ready; I. iv. 38.
Exhibition, allowance; I. vi. 122.

Exorciser, conjurer; IV. ii. 276.
Extend; "to e. him," *i.e.* to increase his reputation; I. iv. 21.
——; "I do e. him within himself," *i.e.* I praise him not more, but even less, than he deserves; I. i. 25.
Extremity, cruelty; III. iv. 17.

Fail, fault, offence (Upton conj. "*fall*"); III. iv. 66.
Fairies, evil fairies; II. ii. 9.
Fall'n-off, revolted; III. vii. 6.
False, turn false; II. iii. 73.
Fan, winnow, test; I. vi. 177.
Fangled, gaudily ornamented; V. iv. 134.
Far; "speak him f.," praise him highly (Folios 3, 4, "*fair*"); I. i. 24.
Fast, fasted (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*feast*"; Hanmer, "*fasting*"; etc.); IV. ii. 347.
Fatherly, in a fatherly way; II. iii. 38.
Favour, beauty, charm; I. vi. 42.
Favour, external appearance; IV. ii. 104.
——, countenance; V. v. 93.
Fear, fear for; I. iv. 104.
Fear'd, mixed with fear (Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Knight, "*sear'd*"; Hudson, "*sere*"; Elze. conj. "*dear*"; etc., etc.); II. iv. 6.
Fearful, full of fear; III. iv. 45.
Feat, dexterous, neat; V. v. 88.
Feated, fashioned (Rowe, "*featur'd*"; Johnson, "*feared*"); I. i. 49.
Feature, shape, exterior; V. v. 163.
Fell, cruel; IV. ii. 109.
Fellows, equals in rank; III. iv. 93.
Feodary, accomplice; III. ii. 21.
Fetch, take, I. i. 81.
Fetch in, také, capture; IV. ii. 141.
Fit, ready; III. iv. 171.
Fitment, equipment; V. v. 409.
Fits, befits; III. v. 22.
Fitted, prepared; V. v. 55.
Fitting, befitting, becoming; V. v. 98.
Foot, kick; III. v. 149.
For, as for; II. iii. 116; V. iii. 80.
——, fit for, only worthy of; II. iii. 127.
——, because; III. iv. 54; IV. ii. 129.
——, for want of; III. vi. 17.
For all, once for all; II. iii. 110.
Fore-end, earlier part; III. iii. 73.
Forespent, previously bestowed; II. iii. 63.
Forestall, deprive; III. v. 69.
Fore-thinking, fore-seeing, anticipating; III. iv. 171.
Forfeiters, those who forfeit their bonds; III. ii. 38.
Forfend, forbid; V. v. 287.
Forlorn, lost, not to be found; V. v. 405.
Foundations, "quibbling between fixed places and charitable institutions" (Schmidt); III. vi. 7.
Fragments, scraps, remnants of food; V. iii. 44.

Frame to, conform; II. iii. 50.
Franchise, free exercise; III. i. 57.
Franklin, yeoman; III. ii. 79.
Fraught, burden; I. i. 126.
Freeness, generosity; V. v. 421.
Fretted, ornamented, embossed; II. iv. 88.
Friend, lover; I. iv. 72.
——; "to fr.," for my friend; I. iv. 112.
Friendly, in a friendly manner; V. v. 481.
Frighted, affrighted, frightened; II. iii. 144.
From, away from; I. iv. 17.
——, far from; V. v. 431.
Full hearted, full of courage and confidence; V. iii. 7.
Fumes, delusions; IV. ii. 301.
Furnaces, gives forth like a furnace; I. vi. 66.

Gain; "g. his colour," *i.e.* "to restore him to health"; IV. ii. 167.
Gallowses, gallows; V. iv. 210.
'Gan, began; V. iii. 37.
Geck, dupe; V. iv. 67.
Gentle, of gentle birth; IV. ii. 39.
Giglot, false, wanton; III. i. 31.
'Gins, begins; II. iii. 22.
Give me leave, pardon me; V. v. 149.
Given out, reported, made out; V. v. 312.
Go back, succumb, give way; I. iv. 110.
Go before, excel; V. ii. 8.
Go even, accord; I. iv. 46.
Gordian knot, the celebrated knot untied by Alexander; II. ii. 34.
Great court, important court business; III. v. 50.
Great morning, broad day; IV. ii. 61.
Guise, practice; V. i. 32.
Gyves, fetters; V. iv. 14.

Habits, garments; V. i. 30.
Hand-fast, marriage engagement; I. v. 78.
Hangings, hanging fruit; III. iii. 63.
Haply, perhaps; III. iii. 29; IV. i. 21.
Happy, skilful, gifted; III. iv. 177.
Harder, too hard; III. iv. 164.
Hardiment, boldness, bravery; V. iv. 75.
Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; III. vi. 22.
Hardness, hardship, want; III. vi. 21.
Have at it, I'll tell my story; V. v. 315.
Have with you! Take me with you! IV. iv. 50.
Having, possessions; I. ii. 19.
Haviour, behaviour; III. iv. 9.
Head, armed force; IV. ii. 139.
Heaved to head, raised to my lips; V. v. 157.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam; IV. ii. 313.
Herblets, small herbs; IV. ii. 287.
Hie thee, hasten; II. iii. 142.
Hilding, mean wretch; II. iii. 127.

Hind, boor, serf; V. iii. 77.
Hold, fastness; III. vi. 18.
Holp, did help, V. v. 422.
Home, thoroughly; III. v. 92.
Horse-hairs, fiddle-bow; II. iii. 32.
How much, however much; IV. ii. 17.
Hunt, game taken in the chase; III. vi. 90.

Ignorant, silly, inexperienced; III. i. 27.
Imperceiverant, dull of perception (Folios, "*imperseuerant*"—probably the correct reading; Hanmer, "*ill-perseverant*"); IV. i. 15.
Imperious, imperial; IV. ii. 35.
Importance, import, occasion; I. iv. 44.
Importantly, with matters of such importance; IV. iv. 19.
In, into; III. vi. 64.
Incivil, uncivil; V. v. 292.
Injurious, malicious, unjust; III. i. 48.
Injurious, insulting, insolent; IV. ii. 86.
Instruct, inform; IV. ii. 360.
Insultment, insult; III. v. 145.
Into, unto; I. vi. 167.
Irregulous, lawless, unprincipled; IV. ii. 315.
Is, is in existence; I. iv. 79.
Issues, deeds, actions; II. i. 50.
It, its; III. iv. 160.

Jack, a small bowl at which the players aimed in the game of bowls; "to kiss the jack" is to have touched the jack, and to be in excellent position; II. i. 2.
Jack-slave, lowborn fellow (a term of contempt); II. i. 21.
Jay, a loose woman (a term of reproach); III. iv. 51.
Jealousy, suspicion; IV. iii. 22.
Jet, strut; III. iii. 5.
Join; "j. his honour," *i.e.* "gave his noble aid"; I. i. 29.
Journal, diurnal, daily; IV. ii. 10.
Jove's-bird, the Roman eagle; IV. ii. 348. (See illustration.)

From a coin of Domitian.

Jovial; "our J. star" (in the old astrology, Jupiter was "the joyfullest star, and of the happiest augury of all," hence propitious, kindly); V. iv. 105.
Jovial, Jove-like; IV. ii. 311.
Joy'd, rejoiced; V. v. 424.
Jump, risk; V. iv. 186.
Justicer, judge; V. v. 214.

Keep house, stay at home; III. iii. 1.

Ken; "within a k.," within sight; III. vi. 6.
Kitchen-trulls, kitchen-maids; V. v. 177.
Knowing, knowledge; I. iv. 30; II. iii. 101.
Known together, been acquainted with each other; I. iv. 36.

Label, tablet; V. v. 430.
Laboursome, elaborate; III. iv. 167.
Lady; "my good l.," (?) friend; used ironically; II. iii. 157.
Laming, crippling; V. v. 163.
Lapp'd, wrapped, enfolded; V. v. 360.
Late, lately; I. i. 6; II. ii. 44.
Laud we, let us praise; V. v. 476.
Lay, wager; I. iv. 154.
Lay the leaven on, corrupt and deprave; III. iv. 64.
Lean'd unto, bowed to, submitted to; I. i. 78.
Leans, is about to fall; I. v. 58.
Learn'd, taught; I. v. 12.
Leave; "by l.," with your permission; V. v. 315.
——, leave off, cease, I. iv. 106.
Left, left off; I. iii. 15.
——, left off reading; II. ii. 4.
Less; "without l.," without more, with less (probably to be explained as a double negative); I. iv. 23.
Let blood, let suffer, perish; IV. ii. 168.
Liegers, ambassadors (Folios, "*Leidgers*"); I. v. 80.
Like, equal; I. i. 21; V. v. 75.
——, the same; IV. ii. 237.
——, likely; II. iv. 16.
——, equally; III. iii. 41.
Limb-meal, limb from limb; II. iv. 147.
Line, fill with gold; II. iii. 71.
Long of, through, owing to; V. v. 271.
Looks us, seems to us; III. v. 32.
Lucina, the goddess of childbirth; V. iv. 43.
Lud's town, the old name of London; III. i. 32.

Madded, maddened; IV. ii. 313.
Madding, maddening, making mad; II. ii. 37.
Made finish, put an end to; V. v. 412.
Makes, produces, causes; I. vi. 38.
Martial, resembling Mars; IV. ii. 310.
Mary-buds, marigolds; II. iii. 25.
Match, arrangement; III. vi. 30.
Matter, business; IV. iii. 28.
Mean affairs, ordinary affairs; III. ii. 52.
Means; "your m.," as to your means; III. iv. 180.
Mercurial; "foot m.," *i.e.* "light and nimble like that of Mercury"; IV. ii. 310.
Mere, utter; IV. i. 92.
Mere, only; V. v. 334.

Mineral, poison; V. v. 50.
Minion, darling, favourite; II. iii. 45.
Misery; "noble m.," miserable nobility; V. iii. 64.
Moe, more; III. i. 36.
Moiety, half; I. iv. 114.
Mortal, deadly, fatal; I. iv. 43.
Motion, impulse; II. v. 20.
Motives; "your three m.," the motives of you three; V. v. 388.
Move, induce; I. i. 103.
Moved, incited, instigated; V. v. 342.
Mows, grimaces, wry faces; I. vi. 41.
Mulier (fancifully derived from "*mollis aer*"); V. v. 447.
Mutest, most silent; I. vi. 116.

Naught, wicked; V. v. 271.
Neat-herd, keeper of cattle; I. i. 149.
Nice, capricious; II. v. 26.
Niceness, coyness; III. iv. 158.
Nonpareil, paragon; II. v. 8.
North, north-wind; I. iii. 36.
Note, reputation; I. iv. 2.
——, list; (?) "prescription, receipt"; I. v. 2.
——, eminence; II. iii. 126.
——, notice, attention; IV. iii. 44.
——; "our n.," taking notice of us; IV. iv. 20.
——, take note, notice; II. ii. 24.
Nothing, not at all; I. iv. 103.
Nothing-gift, gift of no value; III. vi. 86.
Now, just now; V. iii. 74.
Number'd, abundantly provided; I. vi. 36.

Occasions; "over his o.," (?) ="in regard to what was required"; according to some, "beyond what was required"; V. v. 87.
'Ods pittikins, a petty oath; IV. ii. 293.
O'ergrown, overgrown with hair and beard; IV. iv. 33.
Of, with; I. vi. 150.
——, on; II. iii. 118; IV. iv. 48.
——, by; II. iii. 137; III. vi. 55; IV. iv. 22; V. v. 346.
——, over; IV. i. 23.
——, about, in praise of; V. v. 177.
Offer'd; "o. mercy," (?) pardon granted (but coming too late); I. iii. 4.
On, of; I. v. 75; III. iv. 43; IV. ii. 198.
On's, of us (Folio 1, "*one's*"; Steevens, "*of us*"; Vaughan conj. "*o' us*"); V. v. 311.
On't, of it; I. i. 164; V. ii. 3.
Open'd, disclosed; V. v. 58.
Operate, to set to work, to be active; V. v. 197.
Or, before; II. iv. 14.
Orbs, orbits; V. v. 371.
Order'd; "more o.," better regulated and disciplined; II. iv. 21.
Orderly, proper; II. iii. 51.
Ordinance, what is ordained; IV. ii. 145.
Or ere, before; III. ii. 67.
——, rather than; V. iii. 50.

Out-peer, excel; III. vi. 87.
Outsell, exceed in value; II. iv. 102.
Outsells, outvalues, is superior to; III. v. 74.
Outstood, overstayed; I. vi. 207.
Outward, external appearance; I. i. 23.
Overbuys, pays too dear a price; I. i. 146.
Owe, own, III. i. 38.

Packing, running off; (?) plotting; III. v. 80.
Paid, punished; IV. ii. 246.
Paled in, surrounded; III i. 19.
Pandar, accomplice; III. iv. 32.
Pang'd, pained; III. iv. 98.
Pantler, keeper of the pantry; II. iii. 128.
Paragon, pattern, model; III. vi. 44.
Part; "for mine own p.," for myself; V. v. 313.
Parted, departed; III. vi. 52.
Partisan, halberd; IV. ii. 399.
Parts, endowments; III. v. 71.
Passable, affording free passage; I. ii. 10.
Passage, occurrence; III. iv. 94.
Peculiar, own particular, private; V. v. 83.
Peevish, foolish; I. vi. 54.
Penetrate, touch; II. iii. 14.
Penitent, repentant; V. iv. 10.
Perfect; "I am p.," I am perfectly well aware, I well know; III. i. 73.
——, perfectly well aware; IV. ii. 118.
Perforce, by force; III. i. 72.
Pervert, averted; II. iv. 151.
Pinch, pain, pang; I. i. 130.
Pleaseth, if it please; I. v. 5.
Point; "at p.," on the point of; III. i. 30; III. vi. 17.
Point forth, indicate; V. v. 454.
Post, hasten; V. v. 192.
Posting, hurrying; III. iv. 38.
Postures, shapes, forms; V. v. 165.
Powers, armed forces; III. v. 24.
Practice, plot, stratagem; V. v. 199.
Prefer, recommend; II. iii. 50; IV. ii. 386.
——, promote; V. v. 326.
Preferment, promotion; V. iv. 212.
Pregnant, evident; IV. ii. 325.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 142.
Pretty, fair, advantageous; III. iv. 150.
Prides, (?) ostentatious attire; II. v. 25.
Priest, priestess; I. vi. 133.
Prince, play the prince; III. iii. 85.
Prize, value (Hanmer, "*price*"; Vaughan, "*peize*"); III. vi. 77.
Probation, proof; V. v. 362.
Profess myself, proclaim myself (by the exuberance of my praise); I. iv. 71.
Prone, eager, ready; V. iv. 204.
Proof, experience; I. vi. 70; III. iii. 27.
Proper, handsome; III. iv. 64.

Proper, own; IV. ii. 97.
Prunes, arranges his plumage with his bill; V. iv. 118.
Pudency, modesty; II. v. 11.
Put on, incite to, instigate; V. i. 9.
Puttock, kite; I. i. 140.

Quarrelous, quarrelsome; III. iv. 162.
Quarter'd fires, camp fires; IV. iv. 18.
Quench, become cool; I. v. 47.
Question, put to the trial, *i.e.* fight a duel; II. iv. 52.

Ramps, leaps; I. vi. 134.
Rangers, nymphs; II. iii. 73.
Rank, rankness (used quibblingly); II. i. 16.
Raps, transports; I. vi. 51.
Rare, overpowering, exquisite; I. i. 135.
Ravening, devouring greedily; I. vi. 49.
Razed out, erased (Folios, "*rac'd out*"); V. v. 70.
Right, truly; III. v. 3.
Ripely, speedily; III. v. 22.
Ready, i.e. dressed for going out, ready dressed (taken quibblingly in the more ordinary sense in the reply); II. iii. 85.
Reason of, argue about, talk about; IV. ii. 14.
Reck, care; IV. ii. 154.
Recoil, degenerate; I. vi. 128.
Reft'st, didst deprive (Folios, "*refts*"); III. iii. 103.
Relation, hearsay, report; II. iv. 86.
Remain, remainder, rest; III. i. 87.
Remainders; "the good r. of the court," *i.e.* "the court which now gets rid of my unworthiness" (used ironically); I. i. 129.
Remembrancer of her, he who reminds her; I. v. 77.
Render, rendering an account; IV. iv. 11.
——, surrender; V. iv. 17.
——, relate, tell; V. v. 135.
Repented, regretted; V. v. 59.
Report; "suffer the r.," may be told; I. iv. 58.
——, fame; III. iii. 57.
Resty, torpid; III. vi. 34.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 40.
Revolt, inconstancy; I. vi. 112.
Revolts, revolters, deserters; IV. iv. 6.
Rock, rocky eminence; "such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck" (Ingleby); V. v. 262.
Romish, Roman; I. vi. 152.
Ruddock, robin redbreast (Folios, "*Raddocke*"); IV. ii. 224.
Runagate, renegade; I. vi. 137.

Safe, sound; IV. ii. 131.
Sample, example; I. i. 48.
Saucy, insolent; I. vi. 151.
Saving reverence, asking pardon; IV. i. 5.
Sayest thou? what do you say? II. i. 26.
Scorn, mockery; V. iv. 125.

Scriptures, writings (with perhaps a suggestion of its ordinary meaning); III. iv. 83.
Sear up, probably due to a blending of (i.) "sear" = dry up, with (ii.) "sear" = "cere," *i.e.* seal, cover with wax, as linen is dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud (*cp.* "cerement," "cere cloth"); I. i. 116.
Search'd, searched for; V. v. 11.
Season, time; IV. iii. 22.
Seasons comfort, i.e. "gives happiness its proper zest"; I. vi. 9.
See, i.e. see each other; I. i. 124.
Seek through, pursue; IV. ii. 160.
Seem "still s." = ever put on an appearance; I. i. 3.
Seeming, external appearance; V. v. 65.
——, appearance of fact; "this hath some s.," this seems well founded; V. v. 452.
Self, same; I. vi. 122.
Self-figured, self-contracted, formed by themselves (Theobald conj., adopted by Warburton, "*self-finger'd*"); II. iii. 123.
Senseless, unconscious; II. iii. 57.
Senseless of, insensible to; I. i. 135.
Serving; "in their s.," employing, using them; III. iv. 173.
Set on, forward, march on; V. v. 484.
Sets, which sets; I. vi. 170.
Set up, incite; III. iv. 90.
Severally, each in his own way; V. v. 397.
Shaked, shaken; I. v. 76.
Shall, will; III. iv. 131.
Shame, shyness, modesty; V. iii. 22.
Shameless-desperate, shamelessly desperate; V. v. 58.
Sharded, protected by scaly wing-cases; III. iii. 20.
Shes, women; I. iii. 29.
Shop, store; V. v. 166.
Short, take from, impair; I. vi. 200.
Shot, tavern reckoning, score; V. iv. 158.
Show, deceitful appearance; V. v. 54.
Shows, appearances; V. v. 428.
'Shrew me, i.e. beshrew me; a mild oath; II. iii. 146.
Shrine, image; V. v. 164.
Silly, simple; V. iii. 86.
Simular, false, counterfeited; V. v. 200.
Single oppositions, single combats; (?) "when compared as to particular accomplishments" (Schmidt); IV. i. 15.
Sinks, makes to sink; V. v. 413.
Sinon, who persuaded the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse filled with armed men; III. iv. 61.
Sir, man; I. vi. 160.
Sirrah, a form of address to an inferior; III. v. 80.
Slight in sufferance, careless in permitting it; III. v. 35.

Slip you, let you go free; IV. iii. 22.
Sluttery, the practice of a slut; I. vi. 44.
Snuff, a candle that has been snuffed; I. vi. 87.
So, it is well; II. iii. 15.
Solace, take delight; I. vi. 86.
Soldier to, enlisted to; (?) equal to; III. iv. 186.
So like you, if it please you; II. iii. 58.
Something, somewhat; I. i. 86; I. iv. 116.
Sometime, sometimes; II. iii. 76.
——, once; V. v. 333.
Sorer, more grievous, more evil; III. vi. 13.
South-fog; "the S. rot him"; it was supposed that the south wind was charged with all noxious vapours and diseases; II. iii. 135.
Spectacles, organs of vision; I. vi. 37.
Speed; "how you shall s.," how you will fare; V. iv. 190.
Sprightly, of good cheer, in god spirits; III. vi. 75.
Sprited, haunted; II. iii. 143.
Spritely, spirit-like, ghostly; V. v. 428.
Spurs, shoots of the root of a tree; IV. ii. 58.
Staggers, giddiness, reeling; V. v. 233.
Stand, "station of huntsmen waiting for game"; II. iii. 74.
Stand, withstand; V. iii. 60.
Stand'st so, dost stand up so; III. v. 56.
Starve, die of cold; I. iv. 176.
States, "persons of highest rank"; III. iv. 39.
Statist, statesman, politician; II. iv. 16.
Still, continually; II. v. 30.
——, always; V. v. 250.
Story, i.e. the subject of the embroidery on the tapestry; II. ii. 27.
Story him, give an account of him; I. iv. 34.
Straight-pight, straight fixed, erect; V. v. 164.
Strain, impulse, motive; III. iv. 95.
——, stock, race; IV. ii. 24.
Strait, straight; V. iii. 7.
Strange, foreign, a foreigner; I. vi. 54.
Stricter, more restricted, less exacting; V. iv. 17.
Stride a limit, overpass the bound; III. iii. 35.
Strow, strew; IV. ii. 287.
Suit, clothe; V. i. 23.
Supplyant, auxiliary; III. vii. 14.
Supplyment, continuance of supply (Pope, "*supply*"); III. iv. 182.
Sur-addition, surname; I. i. 33.
Swathing clothes; I. i. 59. (See illustration.)
Sweet, sweet-heart (Collier MS., "*suite*"); I. v. 80.
Swerve, go astray, mistake; V. iv. 129.

From a brass in Rougham Church, Norfolk.

Syenna, the ruler of Syenna; IV. ii. 341.
Synod, assembly of the gods; V. iv. 89.

Tables, tablets; III. ii. 39.
Take, take pay; III. vi. 24.
Take in, make to yield, overcome; III. ii. 9.
——, conquer, overcome; IV. ii. 121.
Take me up, take me to task; II. i. 4.
Talents; "beyond all t.," exceeding any sum; I. vi. 80.
Tanlings, those tanned by the sun; IV. iv. 29.
Targes, targets; "t. of proof," targets of tested metal (Folio 4, "*Targets*"; Pope, "*shields*"; Capell, "*targets*"); V. v. 5.
Taste, feel, experience; V. v. 403.
Tasting of, experiencing, feeling; V. v. 308.
Temper, mix; V. v. 250.
Tender; "t. of our present," tendering of our present gift; I. vi. 208.
Tender of, sensitive to; III. v. 40.
Tent, probe; III. iv. 118.
That, for that, because; III. v. 71.
——, since that; III. vii. 4.
——, that which; IV. ii. 125; V. iv. 135.
——, so that; V. iii. 11; V. iv. 45.
Thereto, in addition thereto; IV. iv. 33.
Thick, fast, quickly; III. ii. 58.
This, this is (S. Walker conj. "*this'*"); II. ii. 50.
Threat, threaten; IV. ii. 127.
Throughfare, thoroughfare; I. ii. 11.
Throughly, thoroughly; II. iv. 12; III, vi. 36.
Thunder-stone, thunder bolt; IV. ii. 271.
Time, age; I. i. 43.
Tinct, colour; II. ii. 23.
Tirest on, preyest upon (as a hawk); III. iv. 97.
Titan, the god of the Sun; III. iv. 166.
Title, name; I. iv. 93.
To, as to; I. iv. 101.
——, compared to; III. ii. 10.
——, is to be compared to; III. iii. 26.
——, in addition to; IV. ii. 333.
Tomboys, hoydens; I. vi. 122.
Tongue, speak; V. iv. 147.

Touch, feeling, emotion; I. i. 135.
Toys, trifles; IV. ii. 193.
Trims, dress, apparel, III. iv. 167.
Trip me, refute me, give me the lie; V. v. 35.
Troth, the truth; V. v. 274.
Trow, I wonder; I. vi. 47.
True, honest; II. iii. 75.
Truer, more honest man; I. v. 43.
Tune, voice; V. v. 238.
Twinn'd, indistinguishably similar; I. vi. 35.

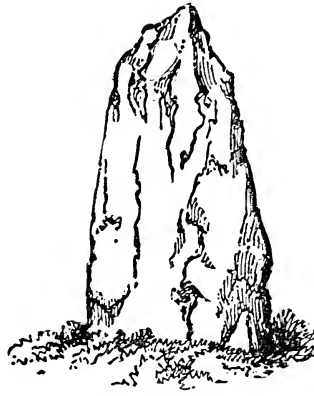
Unbent; "to be u.," to unbend thy bow; III. iv. 111.
Undergo, undertake, perform; I. iv. 148; III. v. 110.
Undertake, give satisfaction; II. i. 27.
Unparagon'd, matchless; I. iv. 84; II. ii. 17.
Unpaved, castrated; II. iii. 33.
Unprizable, invaluable; I. iv. 96.
Unspeaking sots, blockheads wanting power of speech; V. v. 178.
Untwine, cease to twine; IV. ii. 59.
Up, put up; II. iv. 97.
Up-cast, a throw directed straight up; II. i. 2.
Use; "their u.," they use us; IV. iv. 7.
Utterance; "at u.," at all hazards; III. i. 73.

Valuation, value; IV. iv. 49.
Vantage, opportunity; I. iii. 24.
——, advantage; V. v. 198.
Vantages, favourable opportunity; II. iii. 49.
Venge, avenge; I. vi. 92.
Verbal, wordy, verbose; II. iii. 110.
Very Cloten, Cloten himself; IV. ii. 107.
View; "full of v.," full of promise; III. iv. 150.

Wage, wager; I. iv. 139.
Waggish, roguish; III. iv. 160.
Waked, awoke; V. v. 429.
Walk, withdraw, walk aside; I. i. 176; V. v. 119.
Wanton, one brought up in luxury; IV. ii. 8.
Warrant, pledge; I. iv. 61.
Watch; "in w.," awake; III. iv. 43.
Watching, keeping awake for; II. iv. 68.
Way; "this w.," by acting in this way; IV. iv. 4.
Weeds, garments; V. i. 23.
Well encounter'd, well met; III. vi. 66.
Wench-like, womanish; IV. ii. 230.
Went before, excelled; I. iv. 75.
What, what a thing; IV. i. 16.
When as, when (Dyce, "*whenas*"); V. iv. 138; V. v. 435.
Which, who; II. iii. 111.
Whiles, while; I. v. 1.
Who, whom; V. v. 27.
Whom, which; III. i. 53.
Windows, eyelids; II. ii. 22.

Wink, shut their eyes; V. iv. 191.
Winking, having the eyes shut; II. iii. 25.
——, blind; II. iv. 89.
Winter-ground, protect from inclement weather of the winter (Collier MS., "*winter-guard*"; Bailey conj. "*winter-fend*"; Elze, "*wind around*"); IV. ii. 229.
With, by; II. iii. 143; V. iii. 33.
Woodman, huntsman; III. vi. 28.
Worms, serpents; III. iv. 37.
Would so, would have done so; V. v. 189.
Wrings, writhes; III. vi. 79.
Write against, denounce; II. v. 32.
Wrying, swerving; V. i. 5.

You're best, you had better; III. ii. 79.



British megalith.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 3. '*does the king*'; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Folios, '*do's the kings*'; Hanmer, '*do the king's.*'

I. i. 133. '*A year's age*'; this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, '*a yare* [*i.e.* speedy] *age*'; Hanmer, '*many A year's age*'; Nicholson, '*more than Thy years' age*'; etc., etc.

I. iii. 9. '*make me with this eye or ear*; Folios, '*his*' for '*this.*'

I. iv. 21. '*are wonderfully to*'; Warburton conj. '*aids wonderfully to*'; Capell conj. '*are wonderful to*'; Eccles, '*and wonderfully do.*'

I. iv. 77-78. '*could not but*'; Malone's emendation, of Folios, '*could not.*'

I. iv. 118. '*herein too*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*heerein to*'; Grant White, '*herein-to*' Anon. conj.,'*hereunto*'; Vaughan conj. '*herein, so.*'

I. iv. 141. '*afraid*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*a Friend*'; Becket conj. '*affied*'; Jackson conj. '*affianc'd*'; Collier MS., '*afeard*'; Ingleby conj. '*her friend.*'

I. v. 68. '*chance thou changest on*'; so Folios; Rowe reads '*chance thou chancest on*'; Theobald, '*change thou chancest on.*'

I. vi. 25. '*trust—*'; Boswell's reading; Folios, '*trust*'; Hanmer, '*truest.*'; Rann, '*truest.*'; Thirlby conj. '*trusty.*'

I. vi. 36. '*number'd,*' (?)='rich in numbers'; Theobald, '*unnumber'd*'; Warburton, '*humbl'd*'; Farmer conj. '*umber'd*'; Jackson conj. '*member'd*'; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.

I. vi. 45. '*desire vomit emptiness*'; Johnson explained these difficult words as follows:—"*Desire,* when it approached *sluttery,* and considered it in comparison with *such neat* excellence, would not only be *not so allured to feed,* but seized with a fit of loathing, would *vomit emptiness,* would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, '*desire vomit ev'n*

emptiness'; Capell, '*desire vomit to emptiness'*; Hudson, '*desire vomit from emptiness.'*

I. vi. 109. '*unlustrous'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*illustrious'*; Ingleby, '*ill-lustrous.'*

II. ii. 49. '*bare the raven's eye'*; Theobald's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, '*bear the Rauens eye.'*

II. iii. 27. '*With every thing that pretty is'*; Hanmer (unnecessarily, for the sake of the rhyme), '*With all the things that pretty bin'*; Warburton, '*With everything that pretty bin.'*

II. iii. 32. '*vice'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*voyce.'*

II. iii. 51. '*soliciting'*; the reading of Collier (ed. 2); Folio 1 reads '*solicity'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*solicits'*; Pope, '*solicits.'*

II. iii. 105. '*Are not'*; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, '*cure not'*; but no change is necessary.

III. i. 20. '*rocks'*; Seward conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios, '*Oakes.'*

III. i. 54. '*We do,'* these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Folios; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.

III. iii. 2. '*Stoop'*; Hanmer's emendation of Folios, '*Sleepe.'*

III. iii. 6. '*turbons'*; Folio 1, '*Turbonds'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Turbands.'*

III. iii. 23. '*bauble'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Babe'*; Hanmer, '*bribe'*; the latter suggestion has been accepted by many modern editors; Brae, '*badge,' i.e.* decoration, ribbon.

III. iii. 34. '*prison for'*; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*Prison, or'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Prison or'*; Anon conj. and Vaughan conj., '*prison of.'*

III. iii. 83. '*I' the cave wherein they bow'*; Warburton's emendation; Folios, '*I' th' Cave, whereon the Bowe'*; Rowe, '*I' th' cave, where on the bow*; Pope, '*Here in the cave, wherein'*; Theobald, '*I' th' cave, there, on the brow,'* etc.

III. iv. 52. '*Whose mother was her painting,' i.e.* 'who owed her beauty to her painted face'; or, perhaps 'whose painted face was the sum of her woman-like qualities'; according to others, 'whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade.'

III. iv. 81. '*afore't'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*a-foot.'*

III. iv. 104. '*I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first'*; Hanmer's emendation; Folios read '*I' ll wake mine eye-balles first'*; Rowe, '*I'll break mine eye-balls first'*; Johnson conj., adopted by Ingleby, '*I'll wake mine eye-balls out first'*; Collier MS., '*I'll crack mine eye-balls first.'*

III. iv. 135. Vaughn proposed '*With that harsh noble—noble simply in nothing*'; Spence, '*trash noble*' (*i.e.* base coin); Elze, '*that ignoble*,' etc.

III. iv. 138. '*Where then?*' perhaps these words should be assigned to Pisanio.

III. iv. 177. '*Which you'll make him know*' Hanmer's reading; Folios read '*Which will make him know*'; Theobald, '*Which will make him so.*'

III. v. 44. '*loud'st of noise*'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, '*lowd of noise*'; Rowe, '*loudest noise.*'

III v. 72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these words are to be explained as meaning, 'than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind'; Hanmer, '*than any lady winning from each one.*'

III. vi. 71. Perhaps we should read with Hanmer, '*I'd bid*'; *i.e.* 'I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you.'

III. vii. 9. '*commends*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*commands*' (perhaps = 'commands to be given').

IV. ii. 132. '*humour*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*honor.*'

IV. ii. 168. '*parish*'; Hanmer, '*marish*'; Garrick's version, '*river*'; Becket conj. '*parage.*'

IV. ii. 224. '*The ruddock*,' etc.; the kindly service of the Robin Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, *e.g.*

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charitie.

Drayton, *The Owl.*

From an early copy of the ballad of *The Babes in the Wood.*

It is worth while noting that the story of *The Babes in the Wood* was dramatised as early as 1600 in Yarrington's "*Two Lamentable Tragedies.*"

IV. iii. 36. '*I heard no letter*,' *i.e.* (?) 'I've not had a line'; Hanmer reads '*I've had*'; Capell, '*I have had*'; Mason conj., and Warburton conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), '*I had.*'

V. i. 15. '*dread it, to the doers' thrift*'; perhaps this means that the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them re-

pent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested '*dreaded . . . thrift*'; but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.

V. iii. 26. '*that,*' *i.e.* 'that death.'

V. iii. 43. '*they*'; Theobald's correction of Folios, '*the*'; *i.e.* 'retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors.

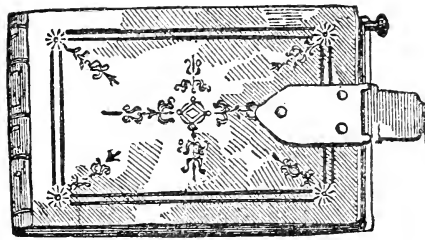
V. iii. 53. '*Nay, do not wonder*'; Theobald reads '*Nay, do but wonder*'; Staunton conj. '*Ay, do but wonder*'; "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for" (Johnson).

From a group crowning the summit of the celebrated Nautilus cup in Her Majesty's collection, probably the work of German goldsmiths.

V. iv. 113. '*Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.*' *Cp.* the accompanying drawing.

V. iv. 133.

> '*A book? O rare one!*
> *Be not . . . a garment*
> *Nobler than that it covers.*'



From a specimen of the late XVIth century.

V. v. 54. '*and in time*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*yes and in time*'; S. Walker conj. '*and in due time.*' etc.

V. v. 263. The stage-direction first inserted by Hanmer. It explains the meaning of the lines, gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.

V. v. 305. '*scar*'; '*had ever s. for,*' *i.e.* had ever received a scar for; Folios 1, 2, '*scarre*'; Collier conj. '*sense*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*score*' Bailey conj. '*soar.*'

V. v. 378. '*When ye*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*When we*'; Capell, '*When you.*'

V. v. 382. '*fierce,*' disordered; (?) vehement, rapid; Collier conj. '*forc'd*'; Bailey conj. '*brief.*'

V. v. 384. '*distinction should be rich in,*' *i.e.* "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens).

V. v. 392. '*our long inter'gatories*'; Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Malone; Folios, '*our long Interrogatories.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

25-27. *I do extend,* etc.:—The meaning is, my praise, however extreme it may appear, is less than the truth warrants: I rather stop short of his merits than go the full length of them.

31. Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and the son of Lud. On the death of Lud, his younger brother, Cassibelan, took the throne, to the exclusion of the lineal heir. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first invasion, but was vanquished on their second, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, his nephew Tenantius was established on the throne. Some authorities tell us that he quietly paid the tribute stipulated by his usurping uncle; others, that he refused it, and warred with the Romans; which latter account is the one taken for true by the Poet.

Scene II.

30, 31. *she's a good sign,* etc.:—To understand the force of this, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath.

Scene IV.

[*Enter . . . a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*] "It has been observed," says Verplanck, "that the behaviour of the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who are stated to be present during this animated scene, is in humorous accordance with the apathy and taciturnity usually attributed to their countrymen. Neither the Don nor Mynheer utters a syllable. 'What was Imogen to them, or they to Imogen,' that they should speak of her?" White says "their

mere presence has a dramatic value, as indicating the mixed company of travellers in which this scene takes place."

16, 17. *a great deal from the matter*:—That is, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

141. *afraid, . . . wiser*:—That is; you are the wiser in fearing to have your wife put to the proof. To screw Posthumus up to the sticking-point, the villain here imputes his backwardness to a distrust of his wife, and so brings his confidence in her over to the side of the wager and trial. The original reads, *a friend* instead of *afraid*. The latter word was suggested by Warburton, and adopted by Theobald. It is not altogether easy to get at the meaning of *a friend* in such a connection: besides, Posthumus has just professed himself "her adorer, *not* her *friend*." And the change is further approved by what Iachimo says just after: "But, I see, you have some religion in you, that *you fear*"; that is, evidently, fear to have your wife's honour attempted, lest it should give way. It need scarce be said, that to such a man as Iachimo religion and superstition are synonymous terms.

Scene V.

33, 34. *I do not like her*, etc.:—This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be "very inartificial," and he declares that Cornelius makes "a long speech to tell himself what himself knows." The speech might deserve such censure, were it not intended for the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the seeming return of Imogen from death to life.

84. *The violets, cowslips, . . . my closet*:—Upon this passage Clarke has the following: "The art with which the Poet and dramatist has placed these words in the mouth of this queen miscreant is worthy of remark. He makes her use these beauteous and innocent products of earth as mere cloaks to her wickedness; she concocts 'perfumes' and 'confections' from them as a veil to the 'drugs' and 'poisonous compounds' which she collects for the fellest purposes. It enhances the effect of her guilt, her thus forcing these sweet blossoms to become accomplices in her vile schemes; and we loathe her the more for her surrounding her unhallowed self with their loveliness. Observe, too, how skilfully Shakespeare has made this evil woman order her ladies to 'gather these flowers'—how she desires that they shall be borne

to her *closet*—her laboratory; not gathering or caring for them herself; not caring for the touch, and scent, and sight of these gentle things—that all good people instinctively love, and cherish, and caress. How different is the Poet's treatment of the subject, where he makes the virtuous Friar Laurence rise with the dawn, *himself* to gather the 'precious-juiced flowers,' 'ere the sun advance his burning eye'; and dilating with fond enthusiasm on their 'many virtues excellent,' and philosophizing on their varied qualities and purposes!"

Scene VI.

99. *What both you spur and stop*:—The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold. The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred,* but so *short-reined,* as he cannot stirre forward."

210. Concerning the art with which the character of Imogen is worked out, especially in her interview with Iachimo, White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar,* has these just and well-put thoughts: "The firm, undallying chastity of Imogen is indicated with unsurpassable tact and skill in this Scene. She is slow to understand Iachimo; but the moment he makes his proposition plainly, before a word of anger or surprise passes her lips, she calls for the faithful servant of her lord, to remove him who has insulted her and his friend's honour. Then her indignation bursts from her; but again and again she interrupts its flow with *What, ho, Pisanio!* She holds no question with him who made such a proposition to her; enters into no dispute of why or wherefore: she seeks nothing but the instantaneous removal of the man who has dared to attempt her chastity. Not only does she refuse all consideration of the right or wrong of the proposition, but the mere proposal changes, on the moment, all previous relations between her and the proposer, although they were established by her husband himself. It is not until her pure soul, as quick to believe good as it was slow to imagine evil, is quieted by the entire withdrawal of Iachimo's advances, and the assignment of a comprehensible though not excusable reason for them, that she ceases to call for him who is in some sort the representative of her husband. An exquisite touch of the master's hand occurs in a single pronoun in the succeeding speech of Imogen. Born a princess, she has given herself to Posthumus, a nameless man, as freely as if she

were a peasant's daughter; and she is remarkable, with all her dignity, for her unassuming deportment: but the insult of Iachimo stings her into pride, and, for the first and only time, she takes her state, and speaks of herself in the plural number. She says, *to expound his beastly mind to us.*"

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*Cloten.*] The character of Cloten was for a long time thought to be out of nature and monstrous. But Miss Seward declared him the exact prototype of a man she once knew: "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of speaking; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valour; the froward techiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, the occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character;—but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."

Scene II.

13. *rushes*:—It was customary in Shakespeare's time to strew floors with rushes; and the Poet, with the license of his art, speaks as though the same custom had obtained in Rome.

22, 23. *windows . . . tinct*:—The *eyelids* are the *windows* of the eyes. So in *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. i. 100, 101: "Thy eyes' *windows* fall, like death, when he shuts up the day of life." And in *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
> Her two *blue windows* faintly she up-heaveth."

This passage is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white, laced with veins of blue. By *azure* is understood not a dark blue, but a tinct or effusion of a blue colour—the *blue of heaven's own tinct.* Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:—

> "And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,
> Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *lac'd.*"

45. *The tale of Tereus*:—*Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metamorphes*, l. vi.; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*.

48. *dragons of the night*:—The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 379: "Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast."

51. The inexpressible purity and delicacy of this Scene have been often commended and cannot be overpraised. The imagery all shows "of heaven's own tinct," as though by some secret sympathy it had caught the very life and quality of the subject. Its richness and rareness enchant the senses; but the enchantment is wrought so entirely through the imagination, that the senses are at the same time purified and, as it were, turned into soul in the contemplation. The description of Imogen would almost engage our respect upon the describer, but that we already know Iachimo to be one of those passionless minds in which gross thoughts are most apt to lodge; and that the unaccustomed awe of virtue, which Imogen struck into him at their first interview, only chastises down his tendencies to gross-thoughtedness while in her presence. Thus his delicacy of speech only goes to heighten our impression of Imogen's character inasmuch as it seems to come, not from him, but from her *through* him; and as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium.

Scene III.

20. A similar figure occurs in *Paradise Lost*, v. 197: "Ye birds, that singing up to heaven-gate ascend, bear on your wings and in your notes His praise." And Shakespeare, in *Sonnet* XXIX:—

> "Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

Divers other poets, from Chaucer downwards, have the same figure. The whole song may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*:—

> "Who is 't now we hear?
> None but the *lark* so shrill and clear:

Now at *heaven's gate* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;
Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring."

57. *Senseless!*—"The cunning queen," observes Clarke, "uses this word with the signification of unconscious; her obtuse son affrontedly disclaims it, as signifying stupid, devoid of sense. The angry susceptibility and techiness of ignorance, just sufficiently aware of its own incapacity to be perpetually afraid that it is found out and insulted by others, blended with the stolid conceit that invariably accompanies this inadequate self-knowledge, are all admirably delineated in Cloten: he is a dolt striving to pass for an accomplished prince, a vulgar boor fancying himself, and desirous of being taken for, a thorough gentleman."

91. [*Imogen.*] Mrs. Jameson has this comment of clear insight and analysis: "Cloten is odious; but we must not overlook the peculiar fitness and propriety of his character, in connection with that of Imogen. He is precisely the kind of man who would be most intolerable to such a woman. He is a fool—so is Slender, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek: but the folly of Cloten is not only ridiculous, but hateful; it arises not so much from a want of understanding as a total want of heart; it is the perversion of sentiment, rather than the deficiency of intellect; he has occasional gleams of sense, but never a touch of feeling. Imogen describes herself not only as 'sprited with a fool,' but as 'frighted and anger'd worse.' No other fool but Cloten—a compound of the booby and the villain—could excite in such a mind as Imogen's the same mixture of terror, contempt, and abhorrence. The stupid, obstinate malignity of Cloten and the wicked machinations of the queen justify whatever might need excuse in the conduct of Imogen—as her concealed marriage and her flight from her father's court—and serve to call out several of the most beautiful and striking parts of her character: particularly that decision and vivacity of temper which in her harmonize so beautifully with exceeding delicacy, sweetness, and submission."

131-134. *thou wert dignified enough*, etc.:—If you were to be dignified only *in comparison to* your virtues, the under hangman's place is too good for you.

Scene IV.

76. *the true life on 't was*:—"Iachimo's language," says Johnson, "is such as a skilful villain would naturally use; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art."

125. *All sworn*:—It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

30-33. *The famed Cassibelan*, etc.:—The Poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. Holinshed says, "The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes."

34-38. *Come*, etc.:—The pith and shrewdness of this ungeared and loose-screwed genius here go right to the mark, although they go off out of time.

60-62. *the first of Britain*, etc.:—Here the Poet follows Holinshed: "Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease, began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned. And because he was the first that bore a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

70-77. The main points of this speech are thus set forth in Holinshed: "Kymbeline was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man, as some write, was brought

up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. But here is to be noted that, although our histories do affirm that Kymbeline lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the Empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus, being otherwise occupied, was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom, at length, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France. But, here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom we now call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue these rebels, near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession; and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain."

Scene II.

50-73. *O, for a horse . . . slow*:—Mrs. Jameson quotes these lines, and remarks thus upon Imogen: "In the eagerness of Imogen to meet her husband there is all a wife's fondness, mixed up with the breathless hurry arising from a sudden and joyful surprise; but nothing of the picturesque eloquence, the ardent, exuberant, Italian imagination of Juliet, who, to gratify her impatience, would have her heralds thoughts; press into her service the nimble-pinioned doves, and wind-swift Cupids—change the course of nature, and lash the steeds of Phœbus to the west. Imogen only thinks 'one score of miles, 'twixt sun and sun,' slow travelling for a lover, and wishes for a horse with wings."

73. *riding wagers*:—This practice was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem, defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords, and lords' sonnes, and gen-

tlemen in our court, *put out* money *upon a horse-race under themselves*, yea, upon a journey afoote."

Scene III.

21. *full-wing'd eagle*:—The epithet *full-winged*, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the Poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect mentioned in the previous line can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

35-39. *What should we speak of*, etc.:—Upon these lines Johnson has this fine observation: "This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind."

78. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*] "The princely brothers in the cave," says Lloyd, "are in a manner common types of natural Britain, divided off and lying separate from the continental world; they are brought up in simplicity but in rudeness, in purity but in inexperience, in safety but in dullness, but their breed and blood declare themselves when their spirits rebel at the seclusion, and prefer to take the noble chances of glory, experience, usefulness, recollections, even though scathed in the trial. Posthumus describes two stages of British progress, undisciplined but daring against Julius Cæsar, now of improved knowledge and skill to aid their valour, but his own example proves his country still a tyro when culture of yesterday is matched with the veteran craft and villainy of centuries. The young princes are rather representatives of the earlier state, but they convey the idea of a fund of healthy vigour in the background to reinforce the failures of first attempts, and by their aspirations they set a mark that declares the country's destiny."

Scene IV.

3. *as I have now*:—That is, have now longed to see Posthumus. It would seem something fitter to Imogen's state of mind to read: "Ne'er long'd *his* mother so to see *him* first." Nevertheless, the sense is clear enough. Daniel changed to "as I do now," wherein some editors have followed him.

54. *richer than to hang by the walls*:—That is, too rich to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the purpose; and, though such as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. It is said that when Queen Elizabeth died she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of those repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

139-143. *Hath Britain all the sun*, etc.:—"It seems probable," says Knight, "that here, as also on a similar occasion in *Richard II.*, Shakespeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*: 'Nature hath given to no man a country, no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished that had the sun, air, water, and earth, that he had before: where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sun and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'"

162. *quarrelous as the weasel*:—Weasels were formerly kept in houses, instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. The Poet no doubt speaks from observation; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition.

166. *common-kissing Titan*:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "And beautiful might have been, if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus over often and hard to kisse them."

180, 181. *Your means abroad*, etc.:—As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

Scene V.

69. *This night forestall*, etc.:—That is, may his grief this night *prevent* him, by an unexpected and premature death, from ever seeing another day.

101. *Or this, or perish*:—Meaning, probably, I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten or perish by his fury." Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten.

Scene VI.

1-27. "Exquisitely feminine throughout," says Clarke, "is this speech. Its confession of limb-weary fatigue, of faintness from exhaustion, its moral strength amid physical weakness, its tender epithet for the husband whose cruel injustice is felt none the less deeply for the irremovable love she still cherishes for him, its timid hesitation in calling for help, its vague thought of defence in *best draw my sword*, its avowal of greater dread at the very sight of the sword than the sword-drawer can hope to inspire by use of the weapon, together with the final softly smiling, half self-pitying exclamation, half aspiration for divine aid, are all intensely true to the mingled mental courage and bodily delicacy of such a woman as Imogen, who is the very embodiment of supreme womanhood."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

15. *imperceiverant*:—Cloten is a very notable instance of a man or a thing, with not merely a loose screw in the gearing, but with all the screws loose. His character reminds us of nothing so much as the description of Desborough in *Woodstock*: "His limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were on bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions." Precisely so it is with Cloten's mind. There are the materials of a man in him, but they are not made up: his whole being seems a mass of unhingement, disorder, and jumble, full of unaccountable jerks and twitches: the several parts of him hold no mutual intercourse or intelligence, but appear set at incurable odds one with another, each having a will and a way of its own, so that no two of them can pull or strike together. Hence the excruciating, though at the same time laughable, unfitness of all that he does, and most that he speaks. He has indeed a reasonable gift of practical shrewdness, is not without frequent flashes of strong and ready sense; yet even these, through his overweening self-importance of rank and place, only serve to invest him all the more with the air of a conceited, blustering, con-

sequential booby. Rendered ludicrous by whatsoever is best in him, and rendered frightful by whatsoever is not ludicrous; savage in feeling, awkward in person, absurd in manners; he is of course just the last man that any lady of sense or sensibility could be brought to endure. His calling Imogen an *imperceiverant thing* for not appreciating his superiority to Posthumus in the qualities that invite a lady's respect and affection, aptly illustrates the refined irony with which the character is drawn.

Scene II.

73, 74. *answering a slave,* etc.:—That is, answering one who called me a slave.

118. *I am perfect what*:—I know perfectly what I have done.

198. *made so much on*:—Mrs. Radcliffe, as quoted by Verplanck, here says: "No master ever knew how to touch the accordant springs of sympathy by small circumstances like our own Shakespeare. In *Cymbeline*, for instance, how finely such circumstances are made use of to awaken, at once, solemn expectation and tenderness, and, by recalling the softened remembrance of a sorrow long past, to prepare the mind to melt at one that was approaching; mingling at the same time, by means of a mysterious occurrence, a slight tremor of awe with our pity! Thus, when Belarius and Arviragus return to the cave where they had left the unhappy and worn-out Imogen to repose, while they are yet standing before it, and Arviragus—speaking of her with tenderest pity as 'poor sick Fidele'—goes out to inquire for her, solemn music is heard from the cave, sounded by that harp of which Guiderius says, 'Since the death of my dearest mother it did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.' Immediately, Arviragus enters with Fidele senseless in his arms. Tears alone can speak the touching simplicity of the whole scene."

215-218. *Why, he but sleeps,* etc.:—John Webster's *Vittoria Corombona* has a very noble passage which may have been suggested by this in the text:—

> "O thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
> To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded comet
> Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
> Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
> Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy corse,
> While horror waits on princes."

224-229. *the ruddock*, etc.:—The old writers often sweeten their lines with the tender reverences here ascribed to the *redbreast*. The beautiful superstition is thus spoken of in Thomas Johnson's *Cornucopia*, 1596: "The robin redbreast, if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse; and some thinke that if the body should remain unburied he would cover the whole body also." Webster has the following choice lines, being part of the dirge sung by Cornelia for young Marcello, in the play quoted in the preceding note:—

> "Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady grove they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men."

Drayton, also, has it, evidently in imitation of Shakespeare:—

> "Covering with *moss* the dead's unclosed eye,
> The little redbreast *teacheth* charity."

But perhaps the most touching use of it is in the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood,* which is too well known to need quoting here.

258 *et seq.* [*Song.*] Here is Collins's imitation of this song:—

> "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
> Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
> Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
> And rifle all the breathing spring.
>
> No wailing ghost shall dare appear
> To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
> But shepherd lads assemble here,
> And melting virgins own their love.
>
> No withered witch shall here be seen;
> No goblins lead their nightly crew;
> The female fays shall haunt the green,
> And dress thy grave with pearly dew.
>
> The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
> Shall kindly lend his little aid,
> With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
> To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell—

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be truly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourned till pity's self be dead."

"There is nothing to us more striking," says Knight, "than the contrast which is presented between the free natural lyric sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele and the elegant poem which some have thought so much more beautiful. The one is perfectly in keeping with all that precedes and all that follows; the other is entirely out of harmony with its associations. 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb' is the dirge of *Collins* over Fidele; 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' is Fidele's proper funeral song by her bold *brothers*."

280. *Quiet consummation have*:—Probably the best comment on this is furnished by the closing prayer in the Church Burial Service: "That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect *consummation* and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory."

White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, handles these verses rather unceremoniously, calling them "stiff, formal, artificial rhymes, worthy only of a verse-crazed cit affecting the pastorals." And he adds: "The lines are the production of some clumsy prentice of the Muse." Hudson confesses that, possibly more from long association than from judgement, the lines *feel* to him very much at home where they are, seem to relish of the soil in which they are represented as growing, and fall in so accordantly with the spirit of the persons and the occasion, that he can discover no savour of "affecting the pastorals" in them. Still Hudson does not think that they were written by Shakespeare. Staunton says: "There is something so strikingly inferior, both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *Masque* or *Vision* that deforms the last Act."

377-379. *If I do lie*, etc.:—"Into the mouth of the pure-souled Imogen," observes Clarke, "Shakespeare has characteristically

put this shrinking from the necessity for untruth, and the appeal to Heaven for divine forgiveness for her reluctantly committed error. He has depicted the same aversion to falsehood in the innocent and royal-natured Perdita; while he has made even the princely Florizel condescend to misstatements for the sake of needful concealment. Thus clearly does the man and poet Shakespeare denote his genuine perception and appreciation of the sacredness of truth, at the very time that the dramatic Shakespeare allows of equivocation as a necessary part of dramatic disguise."

Scene IV.

6. *revolts*:—So in *King John*, V. ii. 151: "And you degenerate, you ingrate *revolts*."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene III.

14 *et seq.*:—In the passage beginning, *Close by the battle*, etc., the Poet availed himself of an incident of Scottish history, which he found in Holinshed: "There was, near the place of the battle, a long lane, fenced on both sides with ditches and walls made of turf, through the which the Scots that fled were beaten down by the enemies on heaps. Here Hay, with his sons, supposing they might best stay the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe, but down they went all such as came within their reach; wherewith divers hardy personages cried unto their fellows to return back unto the battle."

68. *charm'd*:—Men were supposed to be rendered invulnerable in battle by *charms*. So in Chapman's Homer, *Iliad*, Book iv.: "Turne head, ye well-rode peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride; they are not *charm'd* against your points of steele." And Macbeth (V. viii. 11, 12 of the tragedy), when he comes to the last mortal encounter with Macduff, says to him, referring to the weird incantations, "Let fall thy blade on *vulnerable* crests; I bear a *charmed* life."

74-76. *being now a favourer*, etc.:—That is, being but now a favourer to the Briton, I am a Briton no longer; I have resumed

the part I came in, that of a Roman soldier, in which character I shall find a certain death.

94. [*Enter Cymbeline, etc.*] This stage direction presents us with a piece of what the Poet elsewhere calls "inexplicable dumb show." It is hard to conceive what business such a thing should have here, unless it were to tickle the eyes of the groundlings; and in wishing it away, we may well be assured that it is not Shakespeare's, but was foisted in by the players.

Scene IV.

1, 2. The Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.

14, 15. *I cannot . . . constrain'd*:—That is, in *gyves*, or *fetters*, which are *desired by me* more than *I am constrained to wear them*. The change of subject between *desired* and *constrain'd* makes the passage obscure. So in the next sentence we have another of those elliptical expressions so frequent in this play, where brevity is gained at the cost of perspicuity. Posthumus is representing his conscience as fettered or imprisoned by guilt, and penitence as the key that is to free it. To purchase this freedom, he is willing to repent, even to the laying down of his life. He is supplicating the gods and begging that mercy may remit whatsoever is due over and above his life, which is all he can pay: though this be not a sufficient ransom, yet if it be the *main part* of it, he prays them to be content with it, and not exact the rest.

30. From the stage direction preceding this line to the reëntrance of the Gaolers, after line 151, we find matter which it is practically impossible to attribute to Shakespeare. The more common opinion is, that the interlude was foisted in by the players, in order to catch the interest of vulgar wonder. That such things were sometimes done, is indeed beyond question. It may also be observed that, if this whole section be omitted, there will appear no gap in the play, unless in the allowing of Posthumus some space for sleep; the origin of the tablet being, for aught we can see, as well explained without the apparition as with it. Still there is room for the opinion that the matter was worked in by the Poet from an older drama either written by himself in his youth, or found among the stock-copies of the theatre. For, though the tablet be as well accounted for without the apparition as with it, in what Posthumus afterwards says of it, yet the for-

mer is itself as absurd as anything in the latter, and as much below the style of the rest of the play. Nevertheless, the contents of the tablet are so worked into the dialogue as to make the tablet itself an inseparable item of the drama. The most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the Poet found the matter already in popular favour on the stage, and so worked it in with his own "noble stuff," for purposes too obvious to need remarking upon.

Scene V.

88. *So feat,* etc.:—Upon the tribute in this passage paid to Imogen, Clarke has the following observations: "This gentle adaptation of herself and her womanly accomplishments to her assumed office of page crowns the perfection of Imogen's character. Her power, too, of attracting and attaching all who come near her—her father, who loves her in spite of the harshness he has shown her under the influence of his fiendish queen; her husband, who has been her 'playfellow' when a boy, and her lover in manhood, even after her supposed death; her faithful servant, Pisanio; her brothers, who know her but as a poor, homeless boy; Belarius, whose sympathy for the sick youth makes the way forth seem tedious; and Lucius, who pleads for the gentle lad's life with so earnest a warmth, while bearing so affectionate a testimony to his qualities as a page—this power of hers speaks indirectly, but indisputably, in testimony of her bewitching nature."

319. *Assumed this age*:—Referring to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

334, 335. *Your pleasure,* etc.:—Belarius means, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I was accused of, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."

352-354. *Thou weep'st,* etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate."

388. *your three motives*:—The motives of you three. So in *Romeo and Juliet,* II. iii. 51, "both our remedies" means "the remedy for us both."

435-442. *When as,* etc.:—Coleridge remarks upon this strange "label" as follows: "It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers

no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology." Collier thinks "it is very possible that the scroll and the vision were parts of an older play."

459. *My peace we will begin*:—"It should apparently be," says Hudson in his earlier note, "'*By* peace we will begin,'" and he so has it in the later Harvard Edition. "The Soothsayer," continues Hudson, "says that the label promised to Britain 'peace and plenty.' To which Cymbeline replies, 'We will begin *with peace* to fulfil the prophecy.'"

Questions on Cymbeline.

1. When was the play probably written?
2. Mention passages that are of doubtful authenticity.
3. What parts of the play were derived from Holinshed? What from Boccaccio?
4. State some facts which indicate that Shakespeare had in mind the fairy tale of "Little Snow-white" in constructing the story of Imogen.

ACT FIRST.

5. In the opening speech of the First Gentleman what is indicated concerning the character of the king and his power over his court?
6. In what fundamental traits are Lear and Cordelia suggested by Cymbeline and Imogen?
7. State the positions in relation to each other in which we find the principal actors of the story at the opening of the play. What is gained by having these facts presented by an observer like the First Gentleman and not allowing them to be given piecemeal by the participators in the action? Does this method foreshadow complexity of plot?
8. Show the Queen's purpose in allowing the interview between Posthumus and Imogen.
9. What does Posthumus say of his loyalty? How do the ring and the bracelet enter as elements of the plot?
10. Where does Imogen show some traces of barbaric spirit?
11. In Sc. ii. are the asides of the Second Lord necessary to point the imbecility of Cloten? What effect of "atmosphere," so to speak, do they produce?
12. What time has elapsed before Sc. iii.? What secondary though important character does it introduce?
13. Though Posthumus does not lay the wager, which would be too great a strain for our sympathies, yet how does he provoke Iachimo into proposing it? How is the bargain concluded? Why

does Shakespeare introduce two characters—the Dutchman and the Spaniard—in Sc. iv., and give them nothing to say?

14. How in Sc. v. is the cruel nature of the Queen shown? Is there indication here that the poisons she gives to Pisanio were intended for any other but him?

15. Comment on the lofty moral feeling of Imogen as exhibited during Iachimo's attempt upon her chastity? Compare her conduct here with Isabella's under similar circumstances in *Measure for Measure*. What is seen in Imogen's readiness to forgive? From a previous knowledge of Iachimo does the spectator suspect the real facts at the bottom of the trunk intrigue?

ACT SECOND.

16. Sc. ii. of Act I. and Sc. i. of Act II. present Cloten, but keep him outside the action of the play; what evidently is the dramatic purpose?

17. In Sc. ii. what indications of religious feeling does Imogen give before retiring?

18. What qualities of imagination does Iachimo show in the bedchamber scene? What was the tale of Tereus? How does this touch suggest the story of Paola and Francesca in *The Divine Comedy*?

19. How is the vulgarity of Cloten shown (Sc. iii.) in contrast with the song the musicians sing to Imogen?

20. What is effected by the entrance of Cymbeline and the Queen upon the scene of Cloten's wooing of Imogen? Does Cloten anywhere but here speak in verse or in elevated language? What does Shakespeare wish to imply by this means?

21. Explain the psychology of a nature such as Cloten, who seeks to gain his ends by vilifying another rather than by presenting the best in himself.

22. What taunt of Imogen touches his vanity? How does Cloten show stupidity in failing to see an opportunity for revenge presented before his eyes?

23. How was Iachimo's description of Imogen's bedchamber foreshadowed? What is the effect of the details given here that were omitted in his enumeration while in the chamber? How nearly contemporaneous would be the scene of the picture of Cleopatra on the Cydnus?

24. Does Posthumus seem to yield too readily to belief in Imogen's guilt? How does he show his religious nature? What is the purpose of the dramatist in withholding the element of proof that would carry most conviction until after Posthumus had shown himself persuaded?

25. Is there any purpose in Sc. v. beyond exhibiting the emotional condition of Posthumus? What course is he meditating?

ACT THIRD.

26. Explain the relations of Britain and Rome previous to the time indicated in Sc. i. How has this scene with Caius Lucius been prepared for? Comment on the degeneracy of the king as exhibited here.

27. What command does Posthumus lay upon Pisanio? Why was his purpose not made known by Posthumus himself when he was last upon the stage? Compare Pisanio with other link-persons in Shakespeare's plays and show how he is something more than a mediary.

28. Comment on the imaginative quality of Imogen's mind. Compare her speech in Sc. ii. with Juliet's (*Romeo and Juliet,* III. ii.) beginning, *Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds.* Which possesses more imagination? Do these two speeches convey a feeling of the difference between the English and Italian tempers?

29. What preparation has been made for Sc. iii.? What does it reveal necessary to a full understanding of the plot? What does it, in turn, foreshadow?

30. Shakespeare again reverts to his favourite device of showing in contrast the life of courts with the life of the country. Develop the following suggestions: the effect of nature upon exiles from the court as seen in *The Tempest, As You Like It,* and *Cymbeline*; the effect of a rural or a natural life upon the high-born, as seen in *The Winter's Tale, The Tempest,* and *Cymbeline.*

31. What is the immediate effect upon Imogen of the matter contained in Posthumus's letter? To what does she attribute his defection?

32. How does this scene exhibit her intellectual qualities?

33. What does she say about self-slaughter? Compare her in this with Hamlet.

34. What is Imogen's state of mind as shown in line 116 *et seq.*? Compare her with Hermione under a similar charge.

35. Imagine Helena in this situation; how would she have borne herself?

36. How does Pisanio provide a solution? In what way is he an agent for the irony of fate?

37. How in Sc. v. does the Queen reveal the passion that actuates her to crime? Compare her with Lady Macbeth.

38. What information does Cloten get concerning the flight of Imogen? Does he inform Cymbeline and the Queen? What dramatic use is made of his neglect?

39. What low revenge does he plan?

40. Point out the speech in Sc. vi. that marks the climax of the play. Show how it also foreshadows the dénouement.

ACT FOURTH.

41. How does Cloten compare with Posthumus in physical form? What was Shakespeare's purpose in showing Cloten with such disparity between mind and body? Contrast him in this respect with Caliban. How are his voice and manner of speaking described?

42. How long may we imagine Imogen to have lived with Belarius and her two brothers in the cave? What differences do you see in the characters of Guiderius and Arviragus?

43. What device leaves the stage clear (Sc. ii.) for Guiderius and Cloten? How is it fitting that Guiderius should be the slayer of Cloten? How does the younger brother comment on the act?

44. Show how fatalism is illustrated in deed as well as professed in words by the three cave-men in the exigency of Cloten's death.

45. In the apparent death of Imogen we see a situation which has pivotal relations to nearly all the principal characters. Indicate these relations to the Queen, to Pisanio, to Guiderius and Arviragus, to Posthumus, Cloten, and Lucius.

46. The audience being aware that Imogen is not dead, how are the obsequies managed so as to escape the ridiculous? Compare the philosophy of the song with that of Hamlet's soliloquy. Is there dramatic fitness between this song and the singers? What is suggested by the antiphonal form?

47. In what plight does Sc. iii. present Cymbeline? Why is this Scene devoted almost entirely to him, who has been a rather passive agent in the action hitherto? Does the state of Cymbeline arouse pity?

48. Does the action of the play pass out of the range of human agency, as is suggested by Pisanio in the last line of Sc. iii.?

49. In what way does Sc. iv. show that the natural instincts of man are bound at some time to become too strong for the restraints of superficial culture?

ACT FIFTH.

50. How long a time has elapsed since Posthumus was last seen? What view does he still hold of Imogen? What determination does he take as to his future?

51. Does Posthumus recognize Iachimo in Sc. ii.? If so, why does he leave him after overcoming him with arms?

52. What does the compunction of Iachimo foreshadow?

53. What is effected by suggesting the scene in action that is so vigorously described by Posthumus in Sc. iii.?

54. How is Fortune again shown to act in the preservation of Posthumus in battle? How did Posthumus secure his own arrest?

55. How is remorse shown in Posthumus? What atonement does he propose making?

56. Who appear in dumb show? What do they rehearse? What does Jove speak in reply? Does the show assist in any way in the resolution of the plot?

57. Compare the speeches of the Gaoler with that of the Porter in *Macbeth,* the Gravediggers of *Hamlet,* and comment on the quality of humour in the first.

58. Of whom do Cymbeline and Belarius speak at the beginning of Sc. v.?

59. What dramatic necessity requires the announcement of the Queen's death early in this Scene?

60. Compare the manner of her death with that of the death of Lady Macbeth.

61. By what stages does the action lead to the revelation of the identity of Imogen?

62. How has the Poet prepared the mind of the spectator to look sympathetically upon Iachimo when detection forces his confession?

63. How does the control of events return once more into the hands of Pisanio?

64. What brings about the discovery of the identity of Guiderius and of Arviragus?

65. To what does the story of Imogen and Posthumus subordinate itself in the last Act?

66. What is the office in the plot of the oracle and its interpretation by the Soothsayer?

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67. Why is this play named *Cymbeline,* considering the fact that the king takes so small a part in the action? What is the underlying idea of the plot based upon the relations sustained by Cymbeline to Posthumus, Imogen, Belarius, and indirectly to Guiderius and Arviragus?

68. This play is full of religious and moral ideas. Do you think of any other play of Shakespeare's in which the characters seem so much actuated by professed principles instead of inherent moral forces?

69. What forms of religious observance are referred to in this play?

70. Point out passages that contain ideas traceable to the religion of ancient Rome; to the Druidism of early Britain; to Christianity. Where are there suggestions of Calvinistic theology?

71. Has Shakespeare made any play more intricate or more perfect in construction? Comment especially on the ingenuity with which he has worked out the dénouement.

72. Is this play deficient in humour? Is Cloten a character of comedy? Does the play suffer for want of comic relief?

73. Do you call the play a tragedy? What inherent necessity stands in the way of the Queen and Cloten sharing in the general pardon afforded in the last Act?

74. Wherein resides the charm of Imogen? Do you agree with Swinburne that "the woman above all Shakespeare's women is Imogen"?

75. What method is largely employed in the delineation of the character of Posthumus?

76. In the character of Pisanio does Shakespeare once and for all dispose of the charge that he held the people of the middle classes in contempt?

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